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Estate of JAMES CAMPBELL, dec'd. ...Administration on the estate of ...late of Washington township, ...deceased, have been granted to the undersigned, residing in Summitville, to whom ...indebted to said estate are requested to ...immediate payment, and those having ...demands will make known the ...without delay.

JOHN SHARBAUGH, Adm'r. Dec. 19, 1873.-6t.*

STRAY HOG.—Came to the premises of the subscriber in Clearfield township, ...Cambria county, ...last, a medium sized ...The owner is requested to ...property, pay charges, and ...he will be disposed of.

E. R. DUNEGAN. Jan. 12, 1874.-3t.

NOTICE.—I hereby give notice that ...have this day ...from David Crook all ...that he now owned on the Administration ...township, as per agreement.

E. R. DUNEGAN. Jan. 12, 1874.-3t.

[From the Bellefonte Watchman.]

DENNISSHAY, THE WITNESS.

'Twas Dennis Shay, the witness,
Who stood upon the stand:
And a greener looking mortal
Ne'er left old Ireland.

And the judge and jury snickered
At everything he'd say,
Whilst the lawyers, wise and witty,
Kept pumping Dennis Shay.

They styled him prince of blockheads!
This witness on the stand,
A declared such stupid asses
A disgrace to any land.

A chap chock full of Blackstone,
And impudence as well,
Said, "Ask the fool who made him,
And I doubt if he could tell."

"Whin ye ax such simple questions
It's mesilf can answer those!
Who made me? Why," said Dannis,
"'Twas Moses, I suppose."

"Ye Gods! 'twas Moses made him,
Did ye hear the critter say?"
And the court then took a recess,
To laugh at Dennis Shay.

Then spoke Dennis, "Misther Lawyer,
Perhaps it might not do
If I should ax the question,
Who's been afther makin' you?"

"Oh, yes," said he to Dennis,
Whilst he blew his legal nose,
Then winked at the court and answered,
"'Twas Aaron, I suppose!"

"Be my sowl!" then spoke up Dennis,
With a bit of roguish laugh,
"It's mysilf has heard that Aaron
At one time made a calf.

"But it's mighty strange indade, sir,
To the likes of Dennis Shay,
That Misther Aaron's offspbring
Should be plading law to-day."

BELLEFONTE, Dec. 18, 1873. J. C. H.

THE LITTLE GIRL WHO WOULDN'T EAT CRUSTS.

The awfulest times that ever could be
They had with a bad little girl of Dundee,
Who never would finish her crust.
In vain they besought her,
And patiently taught her,
And told her she must.

Her grandma would coax,
And so would the folks,
And tell her the sinning
Of such a beginning.
But no, she wouldn't,
She couldn't, she should'nt,
She'd have them to know—
So they might as well go.

Now what do you think soon came to pass?
This little girl of Dundee, alas!
Who wouldn't take crust in the regular way,
Sat down to a feast one summer's day;
And what did the people that little girl give,
But a dish of *bread pudding*—as sure as I live!
—*St. Nicholas Magazine.*

TOM BALCH'S ADVENTURE.

A STORY FOR THE BOYS.

The spire of the church at Benton had been loosened during a great gale and it was found necessary to strengthen it. For this purpose lofty staging was built around it, which reached from the ground to the topmost point.

This was scarcely finished when one of the main supports sank down somewhat and the whole staging was pronounced unsafe. None of the workmen would trust themselves upon it, and so it became necessary to take it all down and rebuild it in a more substantial manner.

This, of course involved time; and as the contractor had other engagements, he left this for a time and took his workmen elsewhere, intending to return in about a fortnight to repair the spire. During his absence the defective stage was to be left standing.

Two or three days after his departure a crowd of boys stood looking at the spire staging with its intricate network of beams and boards and discussing the situation.

"I don't see why they left it," said one of them. "It seems strong enough."

"It seems that it ain't strong enough, at any rate," said another.

"There's a great lot of planks and posts there too," said a third.

"What a row there'd be if it should all tumble down," said a fourth.

"Tumble down?" cried the first with a laugh. "A likely story! Why, man alive, that staging's all right. I heard a a man say so."

"Then if it is why did the contractor leave it?"

"O, that was only an excuse. He had to attend to that bridge at once, so he put up this staging and then pretended it wasn't strong enough. He wanted to make the people here wait. That's what I heard a man say."

"Anyhow I wouldn't like to trust myself on it."

"Pooh!" said the first speaker.

"O, it's all very well to say pooh, Tom Balch, but I can tell you there ain't many men that would go up there."

"Up there? Why, I'd just as soon go up as not."

"You?"

"Yes, me."

A scornful laugh was the only rejoinder.

"I'd just as soon go up as not," repeated Tom Balch.

"I'd like to see you try it," said the other. "You look like it."

"Well, you *may* see me try it, for I'm going up there," said Tom, walking toward the staging.

The boys stood watching in silence, thinking that it was only bravado, and waiting with a half smile for the time when he would turn back; but, to their surprise, he began climbing, and in a few minutes he had ascended to a height of nearly forty feet.

Tom Balch was known throughout the village as a bold, rash boy, capable of almost any act of daring. He was not a boy of evil propensities; he was honest and warm hearted; but his love of admiration was so strong and his rash daring so great that he had frequently periled his life for no other reason than to make himself notorious. It was this feeling that animated him to his present enterprise, and it needed only the challenge of his playmates to send him up the perilous height of the church spire.

The village had but one street and the church was at one end of it. The villagers were all at work in their shops or on their farms or were in their houses, and none were near except Tom's friends, who soon began to perceive that Tom was in earnest, and that the matter was far more serious than they had first anticipated.

The roof of the church was about fifty feet high, and the spire rose fifty feet above this, so that its whole height from the ground was about one hundred feet. The staging was divided into successive stories, each of which (about ten feet in height) was formed by loose planks laid across the rafters, that passed from the main beams to the house. Ladders passed from one story to another, so that the whole could be easily climbed.

Up this staging went rash Tom Balch. He ascended half way without perceiving any weakness in the structure; and the impunity with which he had ventured so far made him determined to go on to the very top.

He looked back for a moment, waved his hat triumphantly at his friends below, and then continued his foolish undertaking. The boys below looked up, but gave no response.

Tom now went on with wreckless rapidity, surmounting ladder after ladder, and hurrying across the successive floorings at a rate which made the vibration of the staging very perceptible.

He thought this too trifling to call for special attention. It was nothing, he said to himself, more than would be produced on any staging by the tramp of a man walking upon its floorings; but as he ascended higher the vibration increased, and this was accompanied by slight swaying of the whole structure, that inspired alarm at last in the breast of the thoughtless climber.

A vague fear came to him. Something *was* the matter But by this time he was at the top of the staging, and close by the peak of the spire, with its gilt ball and iron vane.

But no sooner had he reached the ball than the vibrations ceased, and suddenly the boards on which he stood seemed to sink beneath him. His first thought was that a plank had given way. Mechanically he flung himself forward, and grasped the iron rod of the weathercock with both hands. The next instant there was a noise like thunder below him, and down went the whole mass of woodwork to the ground!

As it fell, the boys screamed and fled in every direction; and turning again and looking up in awful dread, they saw Tom clinging to the iron vane. His hands clutched this firmly, and he had seated himself upon the ball, clasping it with his legs.

For some time not a word was said. Nothing indeed could be said. The boys stood paralyzed, looking and expecting to see Tom fall. But he held on firmly, and at last his voice came down to them from his lofty perch and roused them to early action.

"Boys," he called, "are you there?" His back was turned to them where he sat, so that he could not see them.

"Yes," they shouted in answer.

"Go and get help, quick!" was his cry.

At this the boys all started on a full run for the village, and spread the news in all directions. Soon a crowd had gathered, full of excitement and terror. As they looked up and saw the boy on his giddy perch, a feeling of horror took possession of them. But after the first shock was over, they called to him, and found that he was not exhausted and that he was not dizzy. These two facts inspired hope among the spectators, and at once every one began to make proposals as to the best way of rescuing him.

Some of the wildest talked of re-erecting the staging, but that was soon decided to be impossible.

Others suggested a chain of ladders; but a little discussion brought out the fact that there were no ladders in the village long enough or strong enough for the purpose.

One man proposed shooting an arrow, with a string attached, which should fall over the weathercock; but this plan was dismissed, as no one in town was expert archer enough to send an arrow exactly over the spire.

This brought out a shrewd old man, who had thus far been silently considering the situation.

"Have any of you boys a kite?" he asked.

"Yes," said one.

"Then hurry and bring it here as soon as you can. I'll go home and bring some things. Quick, now!"

Away went the boy for his kite, while the old man, who was a retired sea-captain, hurried to his house in a wagon which had just came up. In less than a quarter of an hour the boy was back with his kite, and the captain made his appearance with some ropes and a block.

In the block was a long rope with a canvass hand at the end. Another rope was attached to the head of the block.

On questioning Tom the reply came that he was still free from either weakness or giddiness; and reassured by this, the captain began to carry out his plan of rescue, every incident of which was watched with intense interest by the crowd.

A fresh breeze was blowing, and the captain, going away at some distance from the church, let fly the kite. Soon it rose in the air. It was not difficult to guide the kite so that it rose over the spire and brought its string within Tom's reach.

The captain now fastened the string to the rope, and called on Tom to pull it up. Tom's position enabled him to hook his elbows round the iron rod, and thus have the use of both hands. It cost him some trouble, but the rope was at length pulled up, and by it he pulled up the block.

In accordance with the Captain's order he now bound the block to the iron rod so strongly that it could support his weight.

After this he passed the sling over his shoulders and under him, so that he was sitting on it. The sling was attached to a rope reefed through the block, and extending down to the hands of a half-dozen men below.

The hardest task of all remained; and this was to let himself down so that he might hang below the block. If he had been in the slightest degree dizzy this could not have been done; but his head was steady yet, and there were ropes to cling to now, as he lowered himself. At last he hung below the block, with the sling under him, and his hands grasping the line.

In this way he was lowered to the roof. There men waited for him, and he went through into the attic, and so down to the ground?

As he joined his friends, a wild cheer arose; scores of hands grasped his in cordial greeting. This was because of the relief and joy felt at his escape from death; but he really deserved to be reprimanded and punished for his foolhardy adventure.

YOUR WIFE'S MOTHER.

There are people, I know, who are constantly hurling jokes at their mother-in-law and everybody else's mother-in-law, just as if the old lady had no business in the world after marrying off her daughters. I'd like to see the chap who dared fling jokes at my wife's mother. It always rests me to have the good old dear arrive with her four band-boxes, two hot-bricks, five bundles of herbs, a chest, and a pillow-slip full of dried apples and burdock root. I feel just like falling on her shoulder; but I don't do it because my disposition is quiet and undemonstrative. She no sooner gets into the house than she says Maria looks like a ghost, or just like a woman up at Tarrytown whose husband mauls her with a sled stake and is drunk half his time. She says this looking full at me, but of course I know she doesn't mean anything. "Heavens! but this is that same old carpet on the floor!" exclaims my mother-in-law, as she removes her bonnet. And then she looks at me and tells me how Tom Scott saved his cigar and tobacco money and bought Nellie a royal Wilton. I remember that when I was sparking my wife there was no carpet at all on the floor, and so I laugh heartily at the old lady's joke. The baby, who has been playing all day, is declared sick, and a quart bowl of catnip is prepared. My wife is sent to sleep off her sick head-ache, though she hadn't made any complaints, and I'm told that I had better go to the hotel for supper. "And no one will get into this house after eight o'clock to-night!" adds the good old creature. The parlor stove has to be moved to coincide with her views. I cheerfully move it. The pictures have to be raised or lowered; the sofa wheeled over; the what-not placed in the other corner, and all the time I am working she —bless her old heart!—is telling me how Barker, who wanted to marry Maria, but didn't get a chance, is now worth his thousands and thousands, and has a parlor which a king would hardly dare enter. The servant girl is declared a sloven, and I cheerfully discharge her, though she has been with us a year. The kitchen stove has to be moved to the left, the heads of all the beds turned to the north so as to get the benefit of the electric current, and the watch dog shot because his bark wakes her at midnight. "Anything further, dear mother?" I ask, as I look into her smiling face. And she replies that Maria ought to be sent South for her health; the baby boarded out by the week; the front door steps re-painted; the lambrequins exchanged; the interior of the house grained; the kitchen stove exchanged for a range; and a few more trifling matters performed. Some men get out of patience the moment their mother-in-law enters the house, but I meet mine with a smile.

THE other day, at a concert, a gentleman having put his hat upon a chair to keep his place, returned to claim it after a short absence. The hat he found, sure enough, where it had been left, only there was a stout lady sitting on it.

"Madam," said he, "you are sitting on my hat."

The lady blushed a little, turned round, and said in the blandest manner:

"Oh, I beg pardon! I'm sure; I thought it was my husband's."

"I'M ON THE JURY."

Up in Blossburg, the other day, a lightning-rod man drove up in front of a handsome edifice standing in the midst of trees and shrubs, and spoke to Mr. Summers, who was sitting on the steps in front. He accosted Summers as the owner of the residence and said:

"I see you have no lightning-rods on this house."

"No," said Summers.

"Are you going to put any on?"

"Well, hadn't thought of it," replied Summers.

"You ought to. A tall building like this is very much exposed. I'd like to run you up one of my rods; twisted steel glass fenders, nickle plated tips—everything complete. May I put one up to show you? I'll do the job cheap."

"Certainly you may if you want to. I haven't the slightest objection," said Summers.

During the next half hour the man had his ladders up and his assistants at work, and at the end of that time the job was done. He called Summers out into the yard to admire it. He said to Summers:

"Now that is all well enough, but if it was my house I'd have another rod up on the other side. There's nothing like being protected thoroughly."

"That's true," said Summers, "it would be better."

"I'll put up another, shall I?" asked the man.

"Why, of course, if you think it's best," said Summers.

Accordingly the man went to work again and soon had the rod in its place.

"That's a first-rate job," he said to Summers, as they both stood eyeing it. "I like such a man as you are. Big hearted, liberal, not afraid to put a dollar down for a good thing. There's some pleasure in dealin' with you. I like you so much that I'd put a couple more rods on that house, out on the north end, and one on the south, for almost nothin'."

"It would make things safer, I suppose," said Summers.

"Certainly it would. I'd better do it, hadn't I—hey?"

"Just as you think proper," said Summers.

So the man ran up two more rods, and then he came down again and said to Summers:

"There, that job is done. Now let's settle up."

"Do what?"

"Why, the job's finished, and I'll take my money."

"You don't expect me to pay you, I hope?"

"Of course I do. Didn't you tell me to put these rods on your house?"

"My house!" shouted Summers. "Thunder and lightning! I never ordered you to put those rods up. It would have been ridiculous. Why, man, this is the court-house, and I'm here waiting for the court to assemble. I'm on the jury. You seemed to be anxious to rush out your rods, and as it was none of my business, I let you go on. Pay for it! Come, now, that's pretty good."

The Blossburg people say that the manner in which that lightning-rod man tore around town and swore was fearful. But when he got his rods off the court-house he left permanently. He don't fancy the place.

A HORSE WITH A LONG MEMORY.—Many years ago, Mr. Abram Dodge, of the town of Ipswich, Massachusetts, owned a beautiful horse which was the pet of the family. He was admired by all who knew his playfulness and good qualifications. In the summer it was Mr. Dodge's habit occasionally to have a frolic with his horse in his barnyard, then let him out alone, and he would go to the river, which was about one-third of a mile distant, where he would bathe, then go to a common and roll on the grass, then with the freedom of air start for his home. His stable was renovated for him while he was gone, and his breakfast put in his crib. If he met his master he would show some coltish pranks, bound for the stable, pull out the wooden pin that fastened the door, with his teeth, and rush to the manger where he expected to find his food. One night the horse was stolen from the stable. After the expiration of sixteen years, Mr. Dodge was at the tavern when a man drove a horse up to the door. Mr. Dodge at once recognized his horse, and he told the driver his reason for believing it to be his; the man told of whom he bought the horse, and that he had owned him for several years. Mr. Dodge claimed his horse, and it was finally agreed that if the horse would, on being taken to his old stable, go through the habit of bathing, rolling over on the green grass, and pulling the pin from the stable door as above described, that Mr. Dodge should have him. When the horse was let out into his old yard, he reviewed the premises for a moment, then started for his old bath tub, then for his green towel on the common, then to his old stable, pulled the wooden pin, and won for himself a good meal and for his old master his favorite horse. These facts are vouchsafed for by reliable old residents of the beautiful, picturesque old town, and show conclusively the long memory of our noblest animal.

THE SIAMESE TWINS.

A SKETCH OF THEIR LIVES—THE WIVES AND FAMILIES OF THE TWINS—THEIR DOMESTIC INFELICITY AND MENTAL CHARACTERISTICS.

The death of Chang and Eng, the Siamese Twins, at Mount Airy, North Carolina, and the circumstances attending their last hours, have already been furnished our readers. It was unfortunate that no physician having sufficient confidence in himself was present when they died, to attempt the separation of the connecting link of flesh that bound the twins. Could this effort have been made the correctness of the theory that some medical authorities have held that it would have been possible to preserve the life of the surviving twin at the death of the other might have been vindicated.

Chang and Eng were about sixty-two years of age, they having been born in the year 1811, in a little village on the coast of Siam. Their parents caught and sold fish for a livelihood. The mother of the twins bore seventeen children in all. At one time she gave birth to three, and never less than two. But none of these were deformed. The physical peculiarity of the twins was a broad connecting band of flesh uniting them by the xiphoid region of the breast. This band was about four inches thick and two in breadth. It was flexible and possessed the faculty of extension to a certain degree, so that the twins could face each other or turn back to back. While each twin was master of his own physical feelings and sensations without regard to the other, they shared in any pain which might have been produced by pinching or otherwise injuring the centre of this fleshy band. It was said of them their respiration and circulation were the same as were their waking and sleeping hours, and, to a great degree, their joys and sorrows, anger and mental pain, ideas and desires. Curiosities so great as they were were inevitably destined to find their way from the obscurity of their Siamese home to the larger and more profitable field of the United States and Europe. They therefore came to this country in 1829, when they were eighteen years old, and were exhibited everywhere throughout the United States, exciting the wonder of the public and the curiosity of scientists and physicians.

IN BARNUM'S MUSEUM.

Barnum got the twins in 1850, and for several years they were shown in his old museum. At that time they spoke English very imperfectly. They were below the medium size. Chang was larger than Eng and looked several years younger. He was, too, the mental superior of his brother, although both were ignorant, and had intelligence that scarcely rose above low cunning. Their faces were peculiarly repelling, yellow in hue, and closely resembling those of the Chinese cigar sellers of Chatham street. Chang was the most robust and good natured. Eng was often sick, and always morose and peevish. They had a sleeping room in the museum, as did the other curiosities, and one night a rumpus was heard in it. On breaking open the door, the twins were found fighting. Eng was on the floor, underneath Chang, who was choking him. As a rule, however, Chang was more forbearing than the irritable disposition of his brother warranted. They played checkers together sometimes, and took lessons in English with slow results. Their pay was $100 a week, which they equitably divided and put into savings banks. They never visited their home. When Eng was sick Chang nursed him; but perhaps did so from selfish motives, as the serious illness of one made it necessary for the other also to go to bed. Chang had something of an appreciative vein of fun, and liked to give senseless answers, in his broken English, to the numberless questions of visitors. They remained with Barnum until they had then saved about $40,000. Growing tired of show life, they decided to settle down in a warmer part of the United States.

THEIR MARRIAGE AND WIVES.

In their travels they had been in North Carolina, and its climate had pleased them. So they bought two plantations, and secured wives to complete their domestic establishments. Here they took the surname of Bunker. They were then bachelors of forty-four. They married English sisters, aged twenty-six and twenty-eight. The girls had been servants, and it is said that a Lancashire dialect still clings to them. The making of the double match involved much trouble, for though the twins were not unduly exacting, it was hard to find two who were both willing and at all desirable. There was no love-making before the engagement, the courting being done by proxy and correspondence, and the ladies had seen their future husbands only at a show in London when they accepted the offer of marriage. The twins based their choice upon likenesses forwarded by their agent, who gave assurances of the respectability of the girls. All having been arranged they were brought to America, the twins paying their expenses, and the marriage was solemnized quietly in Salisbury. The wives were not beautiful, but were strong, healthy English working girls. The domestic lives of the couples were peculiar. Each family had its own house, servants, and domestic establishment. The plantations were owned and managed separately, although in matters of consequence Chang was usually the master. The wives lived entirely at their respective homes, and the husbands alternated—staying one week at Chang's, and the next at Eng's. Each looked after his plantation and other business during the weeks of living at his own place, and the visiting brother was not supposed to interfere. The wives did not agree very well, and the strangely tied families quarrelled so seriously that the sisters frequently had periods of complete estrangement, lasting for weeks at a time.

MARRIED LIFE.

So, although Chang and Eng were rich, they did not live happily. Mrs. Chang had the first child, and it was a deaf mute. The families increased rapidly, until Chang had six children and Eng five. Of these children four never spoke or heard, although in other respects all were strong and not deformed. Eight are living, the oldest, a daughter of seventeen, having lately been married to the lessee of a neighboring plantation. About eight years ago Chang became converted in a religious revival, and Eng also embracing the belief, they joined the Baptist Church. They were regular in their attendance thereafter, and retained their standings as good Christians. Their tempers, however, were not improved by the spiritual change, and before the emancipation their slaves were the most whipped of any in the region. The rebellion freed their slaves and otherwise impaired their wealth. To repair their losses they again exhibited themselves throughout the country, but they were only moderately successful, owing partially to a rapacity which prevented managers from having anything to do with them. A greater curiosity had sprung up, too, in the two-headed girl—two negro children from South Carolina—who are joined at the hips. Chang and Eng had grown uglier as they had grown older, the latter especially being wrinkled, thin and bent. Their tempers were soured, and they quarrelled with each other constantly. They had gained greatly in intelligence, however, and were sensitive to the gaze of the crowd. They also retained strong secession proclivities. During their absence their wives managed the plantations. Those of the children who were not deaf mutes were sent to school, and are now well educated. Before their last exhibition here the twins had been again in Europe.

UNION IN DEATH.

The cause of their moroseness as they grew older is believed to have been the probability of the fatal effect of one's death upon the other. The idea of separating them by a surgical operation has been often broached, but physicians had generally agreed it would kill them. Therefore each was haunted with a dread of being bound to his dead brother, with almost a certainty of dying under any attempt to sever him from the corpse. While in Paris and London, they consulted the most eminent surgeons. One experiment, however, dashed all hope of separate existence. The ligature was compressed until all circulation of blood between them was stopped. Eng soon fainted, and a removal of the compress was necessary to prevent death.—This proved that neither could sustain a separate circulation of the blood, and to have cut the ligature would have killed both. With this knowledge they returned to their homes and lived as they had done before. Later the health of Eng grew worse, and Chang was frequently obliged, although well himself, to keep to his bed with his sick brother. But about a year ago Chang suffered a paralytic stroke, from which time his health was the worse of the two. He took to drink as a relief from suffering, and the lives of the twins grew wretched indeed.

ANOTHER REMARKABLE CASE.

To the Editors of the Pittsburgh Gazette:

The death of the Siamese twins has called forth, as might have been expected, several physiological comments of more or less interest. You will allow me to contribute to the general stock of human phenomena the following well authenticated fact: In the year of our Lord, 1828, in the village of Poyntspass, county of Armagh, Ireland, Mrs. O'Reilly, aged forty-two years and seven months, was safely delivered of three sons, all connected by a band or ligature, in every particular resembling that which vitally bound the Siamese twins.

Sir Astley Cooper and Dr. Abernethy hastened over from London, and after a professional investigation of the extraordinary case, declared their reluctance to attempt a surgical separation. These three Armagh brothers (not Roman or Alban) lived until they reached the age of ten years. Dean Carter, of Tandaragee, read the service of the English Church at their grave. I need hardly add that they died simultaneously. Dr. Priestly and others will, I pre-ume, remember or recollect this matter. J. M.

P. S.—I cannot forbear remarking that the writer was born on the same day and in close proximity with the O'Reilleys.

PITTSBURGH, January 22, 1874.

AMMONIA AS A THERAPEUTIC AGENT.—A writer in the *British Medical Journal* states that in case of whooping-cough in the last stage—that is after the third week—he has had an ounce of the strongest liquid ammonia put into a gallon of boiling water in an open pan, and the steam kept up by means of brick made red hot throughout and put into the boiling water containing the ammonia, the pan being placed in the center of a room into which the patients were brought as the ammoniated steam was passing off. This method, he says, was used in the evening, just before bedtime; and it proved so efficacious in abating the spasmodic attack, and after three or four days terminating the malady, as to establish, beyond any doubt, the great value of this mode of inhaling ammonia, as a therapeutic agent in tranquilizing the nervous system in whooping-cough.

IN Peebleshire, Scotland, there was a half-witted man who had a notion that he was rather religious, and who was in the habit of saying his prayers in the field behind a turf-dyke. One day he was followed to his retirement by some evil disposed persons, who, secreting themselves on the opposite side, prepared to listen to what he should say. Jack commenced his devotions, and, among other things, expressed his opinion that he was a very great sinner, and that even were the turf-dyke to fall upon him at that moment it would be no more than he deserved. No sooner had he said this than the persons on the other side pushed the dyke over upon him. Scrambling out from the debris he was heard to say, "Heeh, sirs, it's an awful world this; a boddy canna say a thing in a joke, but it's ta'en in earnest."

A *Hearth and Home* correspondent says linen that is placed immediately after being ironed near the stove or in the hot sun is stiffer when dry than if it is permitted to dry slowly. It is a good plan to lay collars and small articles on a waiter, and set them on a kettle or other support on the stove till they are quite dry. Sometimes the iron will stick in a manner perfectly unaccountable; if it is rubbed on a board on which fine salt has been sprinkled, and then passed over a brown paper with wax in its folds, the sticking propensities will be checked. A bowl of clear water and a clean old linen is useful to remove any specks the linen may acquire before or while being ironed.

A WEALTHY *parvenu* lately gave the church which he attends two tables of stone, with the ten commandants engraved upon them; whereupon, a member of the church remarked that his reasons for giving away the commandments was that he couldn't keep them.

THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN.

EBENSBURG, PA.,

Friday Morning, - January 30, 1874.

EX-CHIEF JUSTICE JAMES THOMPSON, one of the purest and most upright men that ever did honor to a place on the Supreme Bench of this State, was taken suddenly ill while arguing a case before that body in Philadelphia, on Wednesday afternoon last, and died in a few minutes thereafter.

THE remains of Napoleon have been laid to rest, amid impressive ceremonies, "in the soil of France," in the little chapel provided by the liberality of Victoria at Chiselhurst. The expectation of yet removing them to the banks of the Seine, and placing them beside the remains of the Great Emperor, under the dome of the Invalides, is evidently cherished by the Empress and Prince Imperial.

IN the House at Harrisburg, on Saturday, a petition was presented from a society of the Seven-Day Baptists asking that they be permitted to pursue their daily avocations on the first day of the week, the present Sunday, and observe Saturday as a day of rest. The petition is referred, and it is not thought likely that our extremely moral Legislature will call it from committee to take action on it.

POSTMASTER GENERAL CRESSWELL is utterly opposed to any change of the law abolishing the franking privilege. Should the act of last session be repealed there are not less than three hundred thousand volumes of the Agricultural Report for 1872 waiting free transmission by mail. To this immense lot of agricultural literature about two hundred thousand volumes more of the report for 1873, not yet printed, are to be added in case the franking privilege should be restored.

JEFFERSON DAVIS having in November last styled ex-Senator Foote a "constitutional liar," the latter gentleman retorts by slinging the epithet of "calumniator of honest men" against the ex-President of the Southern Confederacy, and the prospects of a duel as a solvent of the troubles existing between the gentlemen are thought to be rather promising. Should a duel really be fought and Mr. Davis fall in the encounter he would probably take rank in history as that celebrated "last man" so much talked of during the late unpleasantness.

THE contract for the State public printing was on Tuesday awarded to Messrs. B. F. Myers & Co., of the Harrisburg *Patriot*, who were the lowest bidders, their bid being 50¼ per cent below the rate fixed in the act as the basis from which the bids should be estimated. The contract is for three years. We congratulate the energetic proprietors of the *Patriot* on their success in the matter, wondering at the same time, however, that the quality of honesty should have been found to have lodgment in the Legislature to even the extent of the giving of a single crumb from the Republican table to a Democrat. Some good can come out of Nazareth! Exit Singerly.

INTELLIGENCE has reached us of the death in Central Africa of Dr. Livingstone, the great explorer. His body has been embalmed, and is on its way to England. The Doctor has been the subject of a greater number of obituary notices than any other known man, all which he lived long enough afterward to read himself, providing the current literature of the day penetrates into Central Africa; so that we are not without hope that even this report may prove incorrect. If the advices be confirmed, however, his death will be mourned as a world-wide calamity, for one-half of a long lifetime was by him devoted to the opening up of an unexplored country to the benefits accruing from Christianity and civilization.

MR. MCCREERY made a rattling speech on Louisiana affairs in the U. S. Senate on Monday. Speaking of the difficulties encountered by the negroes of that State in securing the right of franchise, he said:

"A portion of Red River where there was a great bend, some forty miles around, came back within four miles of the point where the bend commenced, the neck of land being only four miles across. The negroes to vote must go all the way around by water, and therefore lost five days in going to and returning from the polls, it being located at the upper side of this neck of land. Were white men subject to the same inconvenience? Certainly not. They took the direct line across the neck of land, went to the polls, voted and got home again before dinner."

This, he continued, was a fair sample of the much quoted *wrongs* the black man was compelled to undergo in Louisiana.

THE question of the repeal of the local option liquor law will come before the Legislature during the present session, and already large and influential delegations belonging to the liquor leagues of the State have made their appearance at the Capital, fully armed with the necessary facts and figures to prove that the law as it now stands is a delusion and a snare. It is presumable, the provisions of the new Constitution to the contrary notwithstanding, that a fat corruption fund will also soon become visible in the lobby, and the prospect to susceptible soions of a divvy in the ducats may work a reversal of the avowed judgment of the Legislature two years ago, as manifested on the passage of the local option bill. The record of that body on the vote is printed, and it will be an interesting study to note how many of those who then voted *aye* will on this occasion say *no*. Our member, Mr. Henry, we may mention voted *no* on the first occasion, and should he now see fit to adhere to that way of thinking, it will not necessarily mean that he has fobbed some of Fred. Lauer's greenbacks. We may refer to this subject again. At present we content ourself by saying in general terms that we are unalterably opposed to the enactment of sumptuary laws of whatever grade, class or character.

The Present Duty of the Democratic Party.

Democratic principles, says the Pittsburgh *Post*, are coeval with free government; they were the living cause of the change from the present or monarchal system to the government of the people. Free government is founded on them, and the superstructure will surely topple over whenever these principles are undermined or destroyed. No people are fit to be free who are not capable of maintaining them; and when they are lost or overshadowed by men in power, free government is gone. The leading Democratic principle is that men can and should govern themselves, by laws of their own making, and through officers of their own selection. The converse, which of late years has made such alarming encroachments, is that certain men in office can much better govern the people than the people can govern themselves. This is the modern Radical doctrine; and it has been the practice as much as possible; and it was rapidly running our country into a despotism.

A cardinal feature of the Democratic doctrine is strict economy in the administration of government. Another prime feature is strict accountability of all officers; accountability to the people. This has been terribly disregarded during the extravagant reign of Radicalism.

Another feature is, to grant no more power to officers or government departments than is absolutely necessary to secure proper government; and not to submit willingly to usurpation of power by the people's servants.

Another feature is, to hold the military absolutely subordinate to the civil authority; whereas since the war, the Radical theory seems to have been, that the people could have, by permission, as much license as the military power chose to allow them, and no more; especially in the Southern States.

These, and others cognate to these, are the principles of the Democratic party. All men, by whatever name they may choose to be designated politically, who advocate these are Democrats, in our understanding of the term.

The object of the Democratic party is to bring back our government, national and State, to the original principles upon which alone true self government must rest. To remove from official positions all individuals, high or low, who oppose themselves to these principles, or who, for selfish or ambitious ends, do not hesitate to deride and defy the people, and by their conduct say, "you are not capable of governing yourselves; we know how to govern you, and we propose to do it." The primary object of the Democratic party is to get rid of all such men; and in their place to put honest officers who will respect the Constitution, and conform carefully to its requirements. This is what the country needs; the removal of demagogues, and the substitution of fair men willing and able to represent the real wishes of the masses of our population, and not merely those of a rich minority.

The duty of the Democracy is, then, perfectly plain. We must adhere unflinchingly to our organization. A party without well defined, living, acting organization, cannot succeed. No petty considerations should be permitted to enter in and divide us. Men are nothing; excepting so far as they may be ready to advance the great principles for which our party has always contended. All men of every party willing to support sound Democratic principles, can unite with our organization in the present effort to bring back the action of our government to its true normal condition. It is folly to look to any other political organization in the present emergency for the requisite political strength to bring about the needed reforms, which are of such vast moment to the interest of all our citizens of every shade of politics. The reform must begin with the primary elections. It is plain and simple. Elect honest men; men who are not too selfish or too aspiring; but who will look first to the welfare of their constituents; to the general weal.

If the Democracy will be careful in their primary elections, and in all their nominations to chose honest men who heartily desire to see sound economical government take the place of the present loose system, the result must be beneficial. It is better to suffer defeat with proper candidates, than to achieve victory with rascally nominees. Liberality of feeling and action are essential to harmony and to success.

It should not be forgotten, that it is not merely the exercise of brilliant talent that is required to administer government; steady honesty of purpose is of indefinitely more value. It is astonishing to see how in these better days this important consideration has been overlooked. Whenever a people like ours shall depend upon the flashy, superficial, brilliant men as guides, they will meet with just such results as we now have upon us in our national affairs; boundless extravagance, and confusion worse confounded. Give us good, honest, substantial men.

MR. COWLES, a distinguished mail robber of Iowa, being a connection by marriage of Mr. Colfax and having always been faithful to the party, telegraphed to Mr. Colfax, says the *World*, to become surety on his bail, but that gentleman declined on the ground that he knew nothing as to the guilt or innocence of Cowles. This strikes us as an eminently ungrateful and ungracious act on the part of the Great Whitewashed. Mr. Colfax is referred to the eighteenth chapter of Matthew and the parable of the two servants, one of whom, after having been forgiven for a Credit Mobilier transaction amounting to 10,000 talents, went out and handed over to the officers a fellow-servant who robbed the mails of an hundred pence. Mr. Cowles had better apply to President Grant.

A BILL has been introduced in the U. S. Senate providing for the payment of pensions to Mexican soldiers.

The Supreme Court—Its Past and Present.

The Baltimore *Gazette* has taken the trouble to look up the present and past history of the Supreme Court. The record does not show, as many would suppose, a preponderance of Southern Justices, or that Democratic Presidents have shown in their appointments an undue partiality for that section. Of the original five Judges appointed by President Washington three were Southern men, and of the ten of his appointment but four were from the North. John Adams appointed four Judges—all from the South. Mr. Jefferson appointed but one Judge—William Johnson, of South Carolina. President Madison appointed no less than six Judges, of whom four were Northern men. Mr. Monroe named but one—Smith Thompson, of New York. John Quincy Adams' only nominee was Mr. Trimble, from Kentucky. General Jackson made but three appointments, two, McLean and Baldwin, from the North, and one, Judge Wayne, from the South. President Van Buren had a perfect "sheaf" of judicial appointments, no less than five vacancies occurring during his single term; and he, a Northern man and a "Free Soiler," appointed all Southern Men—Barbour and Daniel, of Virginia; Catron of Tennessee, and Smith and McKinley, of Alabama. To John Tyler, of Virginia, we owe Samuel Nelson, of New York, and to the slave-owning President—James K. Polk—Levi Woodbury, of New Hampshire, and Robert C. Grier, of Pennsylvania. Even Mr. Polk's rejected nominees, of whom there were several, were Northern men. Judge Curtis, of Massachusetts, was Mr. Fillmore's solitary appointment, Judge Campbell Mr. Pierce's, and Judge Clifford Mr. Buchanan's. It was reserved for Mr. Lincoln and the Republican party thoroughly to sectionalize the Federal Judiciary, and for General Grant to keep the rule of geographical exclusion. It is but fair to say that for Mr. Lincoln there was the excuse of an actual state of war, which made Southern or pro-Southern selections impossible. Nor could he be expected to keep vacancies unfilled until peace should restore his capacity to do justice to the whole country. It is but fair to add that while nothing could be worse than President Lincoln's minor judicial appointments—his Underwoods and Busteeds—his selections for the Supreme Court were in the main very creditable.

To General Grant, Congress gave the privilege of two new appointments, and death has added two more. Every one of these appointments has not only been from the North, but three of them from the limited and compact regions of New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania.—What the financial, the political reasons for the choice of Judges Strong and Bradley at that juncture were, it is quite unnecessary to say. And now we have a Northern Chief Justice. Of him, in our ignorance, we have not the least disposition to speak unkindly. If there be any truth in the rumor that, out of personal feeling to General McClellan, who was a sort of Ohio man, he voted for him in 1864, and against Lincoln, we do not think the worse of him for it. It would prove him to be not of the Ben Wade type. One qualification we sincerely trust the new Chief Justice does possess—that which was so eminent in Marshall and Taney—the power of presiding, the innate dignity which Chief Justice Taney possessed to a greater degree than any man we ever knew, which controlled without murmur or dissent, the Bar and his colleagues.—Puisne Judges often need a check rein; the Bar oftener still. We trust that Chief Justice Waite may distinguish himself in this direction.

J. WILKES BOOTH'S ROMANCE—A Washington correspondent of the Cleveland *Leader* writes: "Several years ago, when John P. Hale was here as Senator, his daughters were among the most admired of all the belles. They lived in elegant style at the National, and entertained with a great deal of vivacity all who visited them. The youngest was really a very pretty, fresh, piquant girl of eighteen or so. Of course there were a great many admirers, and among them the actor John Wilkes Booth was the most devoted to Miss Eighteen. You perhaps remember Booth's appearance, a handsome, dark, melodramatic fellow, and among a certain set here he was a great favorite socially. At night he played his Charles, in Schiller's 'Robbers,' and Miss Hale was always at the play, with boquet and smiles for him. In those days who could guess the sad sequel to a romance of love that promised bright enough? I remember a night when the hotel was a blaze of light. The guests were giving a 'hop' for their friends, and between the waltzes every one was good-naturedly gossiping at the devotion of a couple who walked up and down the rooms, and were apparently oblivious of place and surroundings. They were a very attractive pair, he tall and dark-eyed, she fair and sweet as an English rose. There were some who caviled at her choice; the father must be wild to permit such an alliance, they said—the daughter of a United States Senator to marry a play actor. But the many to whom the young girl's sweet face seemed excuse for any infatuation, looked with indulgence at the little drama of the 'old, old story.' I remember too well another night, just the eve of two days later. We were at Ford's old theatre. Again a blaze of light, and music and a crowded house, to look on at Laura Keene in the 'American Cousin.' How many times have you heard the story of that night, too dreadful to talk of even? The sudden pistol shot, the uproar that followed, and in the figure that sprang from the President's box I saw the lover of two nights ago, and knew that even as he whispered in that young girl's ear he was planning this dreadful scene. In Wilkes Booth's pocket was found the picture of his betrothed, and she wrote of the assassin that she would marry him at the foot of the gallows. Such devotion hangs like a divine fragrance about our recollections of this wretched, mistaken man, and though it cannot blot out, yet surely let it dim a little the horror we rightly feel at his work."

THE Hon. Heister Clymer has written to the Reading *Eagle* a letter in which he explains the reasons which induced him and his friend, the Hon. S. S. Cox, to vote against the Salary bill as it passed the Senate. These reasons, in brief, are that the bill which has become a law has restored the odious mileage system; that it did not reduce the salary of the President either for the existing or future terms; and that it made no deduction of salary from the 4th of March, 1873. Mr. Clymer desires to place himself on record as in favor of economy, retrenchment and reform; and believing the doubling of the President's salary to be the greatest of all grabs, the restoration of mileage an outrage, and that the reduction of members' salaries should have been made to take effect from the beginning of the legal existence of the present Congress, he voted against the bill as the only practical way of showing his opposition to the objectionable features contained in it. We think our readers will agree that the views of Messrs. Clymer and Cox on this subject are sound.—*N. Y. Sun.*

THE Democrats have recommended A. K. McClure for citizens' candidate for Mayor of Philadelphia.

The Siamese Twins.

Dr. Hollingsworth, of North Carolina, who was formerly the family physician of the Siamese Twins, has furnished the following additional information concerning them:

The bodies of the twins are now in an embalmed state, and can be kept in perfect preservation for a long time to come. So wary are the members of the two families that the bodies are placed in a position from which they cannot possibly be approached without their knowledge.

The wives of Chang and Eng have positively refused to allow a post-mortem examination, but they wish to consult first with their children, several of whom are in distant parts of the State. One of the daughters, a very consumptive person and whose life seems to be nearly run out, is strenuously opposed to the post-mortem, and, owing to her peculiar bodily condition, the other members of the family are very reluctant to do anything so exceedingly disagreeable to her.

Every inducement that can be offered will be brought to bear upon the daughter and all the rest of the children, with the view of securing a study so beneficial and so curious to medical, physiological and psychological science. Every effort will also be made to have the examination take place where the best medical skill and authority can witness and take part in the post mortem.

The Doctor seemed to speak as if the families were exceedingly suspicious, and had taken every precaution to prevent any gratification of unlicensed scientific curiosity. Dr. Hollingsworth has left a representative at home from whom he daily expects correspondence, which will inform him of the final decision at which the members of the family arrive. A great deal of interest is manifested by the local medical fraternity, and the hope is entertained that the post-mortem may take place here.

The bodies are now buried beneath their house, but are in a state of preservation. They are being guarded by the family, and cannot be removed without their knowledge and consent. No funeral services were held over the bodies, as they have not been permanently buried.

NEW YORK, January 25.—A dispatch from Mount Airy, North Carolina, says Doctor Kom Hollingsworth, who attended the Siamese twins, is of the opinion that the death of Eng was not caused by any vital connection or artery passing from one to the other through the ligament that united them, and believes there was no such vital connection through the ligament, because he has attended the twins when one was sick and the other in good health, and there was as much as twenty beats difference to the minute in their pulsation. The bodies, after being embalmed, were placed in a coffin and encased in a large tin box, which was soldered and made air tight. All was then put in a large wooden box and packed in charcoal and made secure, and placed in the cellar of the house. It is reported that the bodies will be disposed of at an enormous price to some museum or medical college, or placed on exhibition. This is to be subject to the decision of the members of the family. The charge is made that a veil of mystery has been thrown over the deaths of the twins, and the real cause of the disease suppressed for the purpose of obtaining possession of the bodies for the above stated object.

A dispatch from Greensboro says Dr. Joe Hollingsworth, a brother of the doctor who attended the twins, while *en route* for the North, stated that his mission was to dispose of the dead bodies of the twins on the most favorable terms he could negotiate. The sum asked for the privilege of a post-mortem examination is stated to be from eight to ten thousand dollars.

THE *Herald* brings out an interesting circumstance connected with the appointment of Chief Justice Waite. It seems that he was first nominated by S. L. M. Barlow, of this city, some six months ago, and that in appointing him President Grant has followed Mr. Barlow's advice. There is nothing wrong in this; and indeed it might be well for General Grant and for the country if he would oftener draw counsel from the same source; but the fact tends to strengthen belief that in 1864 Mr. Waite voted for McClellan. We dare say such was the case. We suppose that it is indisputable that not long before that election he was in full sympathy with a most estimable class of men then known as Copperheads, who, while they believed in maintaining the integrity of the country, strongly disapproved of many measures which Mr. Lincoln, Mr. Seward and Mr. Stanton were then putting in force. These measures were freely denounced at the time by such men as Mr. Barlow, Judge Thurman, the present Senator from Ohio, Judge Black, of Pennsylvania, and Gov. Seymour, of New York; and unless we are greatly mistaken Mr. Waite at that time shared their views, and was perhaps even more extreme in his feelings than some of them. This makes it all the more remarkable that he should have been appointed Chief Justice on the suggestion of Mr. Barlow, and that Mr. Thurman should have been the principal advocate of his confirmation in the Senate.—*N. Y. Sun.*

REMARKABLE SURGERY.—The Green Bay (Wis.) *Gazette* notices a remarkable case of opthalmic surgery recently performed by Dr. C. E. Houghman, of the Milwaukee Eye and Ear Infirmary, on a citizen of Green Bay, Mr. C. E. Eames, now in his seventieth year. Mr. Eames had been blind for five years with cataract of both eyes. One of his eyes had been previously operated on, and the cataract successfully removed, but inflammation subsequently set in, producing such intense pain that the eye had to be removed. The other eye was operated on by Dr. Houghman, the cataract removed, and the sight restored, but, on the tenth day after the operation inflamation set in with such intolerable pain that Mr. Eames begged the doctor to remove the eye. The doctor first punctured the eye with a needle, but without effect. He then performed an experiment of his own—that of lancing the eyeball. About half a teaspoonful of coagulated blood followed the withdrawal of the lance. The relief to the patient was instantaneous, and Mr. Eames is now at home in perfect health, with eyesight completely restored after five years of blindness. The *Gazette* speaks of this operation on the eyeball for the removal of matter causing inflammation as original with Dr. Roughman, and of Mr. Eames as the first recorded subject of it.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Jackson (Miss.) *News* tells how General Jackson got his title of Old Hickory. He says he got the story from Captain William Allen, a near neighbor of the General, and who messed with him during the Creek war. During the campaign the soldiers were moving rapidly to surprise the Indians, and were without tents. A cold March rain came on, mingled with sleet, which lasted for several days. General Jackson got a severe cold, but did not complain, as he tried to sleep in a muddy bottom among his half frozen soldiers. Captain Allen and his brother John cut down a stout hickory tree, peeled off the bark, and made a covering for the General, who was with difficulty persuaded to crawl into it. The next morning a drunken citizen entered the camp, and, seeing the tent, kicked it over. As Jackson crawled from the ruins, the toper cried: "Hello, Old Hickory! come out of you. bark and jine us in a driuk."

News and Political Items.

—A communist paper is projected in Chicago by the commonest sort of good-for-nothings.

—A school-house in Chester county, Pa., is salubriously situated in an abandoned grave-yard.

—One thousand men have been discharged from the Brooklyn Navy Yard during the past week.

—Griffin, Ga., lately received cards for the wedding of a lady of sixty and a blushing bridegroom of twenty-one.

—Waynesboro, Pa., boasts a haunted distillery; which is just the place where one would naturally look for spirits.

—The City of Middletown opens the Connecticut campaign by giving 212 majority for a Democratic Mayor, the first of that stripe elected in fourteen years.

—The reader is at liberty to believe it or not, as he pleases, that a peach tree in Missouri, being transplanted to a new soil, has taken to producing white plums.

—Oxford, Mass., is spoken of as the paradise of old folks. In that quiet hamlet there are 130 persons over 70 years old, and 85 of these live within one mile of the post-office.

—It is claimed for Staurt Mace, a young man of Moulton, Iowa, that he is constructing the smallest steam engine in the world. Its cylinder is to be the size of a grain of wheat.

—A locomotive on the Greenville railroad exploded its boiler on Saturday night, sixty miles above Columbia, killing the engineer, John Lane, and mortally wounding the colored fireman.

—It is better to be burned after one is dead than burned to death. In Milwaukee lately the corpse of a woman named Martels was burned to a cinder, the candles surrounding it being toppled over.

—John Foreman and Mrs. Snyder, the Butler county poisoners, were sentenced on Saturday last—Foreman to four years and eight months, and Mrs. Snyder to two years and six months' imprisonment.

—It has been ascertained almost to a certainty, that the man found drowned at Harrisburg on the 11th inst., was Patrick Gallagher, a peddle who disappeared from Ridgway, Elk county, a month or more ago.

—A thousand men it is stated are out of employment at Brady's Bend in consequence of the failure of the Brady's Bend Iron Works. A great deal of suffering is experienced by the families of working men.

—A case of linked law long drawn out is reported from Greenboro', Vt., where a writ six feet in length by actual measurement was served the other day. It is not mentioned how many officers it took to serve it.

—Three boys were drowned in a pond at South Brooklyn on Saturday. A sheet of water was frozen over, and the lads were disporting themselves on the ice, when the latter broke and the boys were precipitated into the water.

—While a passenger train from Edinburgh for Glasgow, Scotland, was running at a great speed, on Monday morning last, it came in collision with another express train. Sixteen persons were killed and a number severely injured, and several cars demolished.

—The two negroes who were accused of the crime of murdering an old farmer named Behm, near Middletown, in November last, were yesterday found guilty of murder in the first degree. Their trial had been progressing for several days past at Harrisburg.

—Hon. Asa Packer narrowly escaped serious injury last Monday evening at the Bethlehem depot of the North Pennsylvania Railroad. As he was stepping from a car the rear car of another train was backed against it. He was thrown down, but was fortunately seized by a bystander and drawn out of danger.

—Miss Nellie Grant's nuptial engagement is one of the leading topics of Washington society. It is reported that she will marry in the spring a young Mr. Sartons, a son of a sister of Fanny Kemble.—At the same time Col. Fred Grant will marry a daughter of Henry D. Cooke.

—At Box Hall, near Sittingbourne, in England, some laborers while digging recently found a Roman coffin, containing a few bones, a beautifully twisted wire gold ring, and some wooden square-headed nails. The coffin was in tolerably good condition. The field in which it was found was at one time a Roman cemetery.

—In Pittston, Pa., a miner, as he was returning from work, was shot dead in the main street by a man who had evidently been waiting for him. Some half dozen persons witnessed the cold blooded murder. The assassin, revolver in hand, threatened to shoot any one who interfered with him, and made good his escape.

—Two men named John Gallagher and Thomas Jeffries met with a horrible death on Thursday last, at No. 8 Colliery, near Summit Hill, Pottsville. They were engaged at the time in driving a gangway, when at least twenty car loads of coal fell upon them. They remained under the debris for several hours.

—In Galveston, Texas, on Saturday, J. B. Helm was placed on trial for the murder of John Ferguson. Owing to the absence of important witnesses the proceedings were stayed, when a son of the murdered man approached the prisoner and shot him through the head, killing him instantly. Young Ferguson was taken into custody.

—A sensation has been produced in Pittston by a marriage that recently took place in a cemetery of that place. The parties are said to have come from New York, and were married with their hands joined across a grave. It was rather a singular matrimonial taste, but the parties of course had a right to do it that way if they wanted to, and nobody need object.

—A New York millionaire, by the name of James Costello, has died at the age of sixty-four without ever having learned to read or write. He could not sign his name to his will, and had to make his X mark. He was a day laborer at the start. He leaves $2,500 to buy a burial lot, build a vault and erect a monument to his memory. All the rest of his estate he leaves to his wife.

—Friday morning last three men went out upon the Niagara river, duck shooting. Their boat was capsized by a sudden squall, and the men were thrown out, but gained a footing on the ice, floating down the river. They were pursued five miles by the Grand Island ferry tug "Ada;" two were rescued badly frozen and much exhausted. The third, Joseph Grioux, slipped from the ice and was drowned.

—An old woman named Hall who died in Gloucester, England, the other day, on her deathbed confessed the murder of her husband four years ago. She said that he was standing on the deck of his boat on the river Severn one evening when she struck him with a boat hook and he fell into the river and was drowned. The story is corroborated by the fact that Hall's body was found in the Severn at the time indicated under suspicious circumstances.

—A fact is a fact, and all facts are worthy of attention. The Rev. Thomas Hill, D. D., ex-President of Harvard College, stated at a recent temperance meeting in Portland that, in an experience of fifty years in various places, he had never seen so many young men intoxicated and staggering through the streets as he had seen in Portland during the last six months.—Nobody will question the veracity of Dr. Hill, or his capacity for close and conclusive observation.

—Mary Brown, a factory girl at Gloversville, New York, was so deeply wounded because of her inability to disprove a charge of stealing thread from the mill, that, protesting her innocence, she took poison and died. In her dying letter to her father she says: "I am in the hands of the Lord, taken through enemies for the sake of revenge. Bury me by the side of my sister, and place a stone at my head with the simple words: 'Her sister Mary, who died of a broken heart, age twenty.'" There is not the slightest doubt now entertained that she was, as she asserted, the victim of a malicious conspiracy.

—The most remarkable instance of mortality in a single family that probably ever occurred has recently taken place in the vicinity of Binghampton, N. Y. On Sunday, Dec. 28th, Mr. and Mrs. Holiday celebrated the sixty-fifth anniversary of their wedding at Downsville, Delaware county. At that time sixteen children of the family, of which Mr. Holiday was the eldest, were all living, and fourteen brothers and sisters of Mrs. Holiday were also in good health and present at the anniversary. Since then the entire number, thirty—all, in fact, excepting Mr. and Mrs. Holiday—have died.

—The Philadelphia Inquirer (Rep.) thinks the President uttered "a great truth with startling emphasis" when he made the remark that "it is time for the Republican party to unload," and adds: "The daylight has been long coming, but now it seems to have set in upon the Administration with very desirable brilliancy. Louisiana has been a terrible load for the Republican party to carry, and nobody should have been surprised if the party had been swamped by it altogether. It looks a heavier load than ever the country supposed it to be, in the light of recent developments."

—On Sunday morning, the 18th, Mrs. McCrum, who lives on Parsons street, Kalamazoo, Michigan, gave birth to a pair of twins. The two were weighed together in a basket in which they were carefully placed, and their net weight was *one pound and ten ounces each*. They are perfectly formed, lively, and all right except in size. They are likely to live, and so is the mother. She is the parent of several children, some of whom are grown up. The house where the children are has been besieged by persons anxious to see the little human beings. They are kept in a little box of cotton batting, and are the tiniest little dolls ever thought of.

—Miss Carroll, of Maryland, a granddaughter of the signer of the Declaration of Independence, petitions Congress for $5,000, for services rendered the Union cause during the confederate war. She was faithful among the faithless, and underwent many trials and hardships, rendering active aid to the Washington authorities. Colonel Scott, then Assistant Secretary of War, Hon. Ben Wade, President Lincoln, and Secretary Stanton, have all favored her claims, which were reported on by a committee in 1870, but could not be acted upon before adjournment. Miss Carroll is now in reduced circumstances, and her case is deserving at least of careful examination.

—The marriage of the Duke of Edinburgh and the Princess Maria of Russia, was celebrated at the Winter Palace of the Czar on Friday last, with all the pomp and pageantry of royalty. When Nellie Grant marries the blue-blooded Englishman, says the Pittsburgh *Post*, we may expect something similar at Grant's Summer Palace by the Sea. But what will the blue-blooded Englishman think when he finds out that his bride was born in the backwoods of Missouri, and was brought up to the cultivation of beans, hacheling flax and milking cows? Of course, this is to Nellie's credit as a Democratic American girl, but what will the blue bloods think of it? We fear that they will regard her pedigree is "deucedly vulgah."

—A reminiscence of the Siamese twins, from the Salem (Mass.) *Gazette*, of August 10th, 1831: "Chang and Eng, the Siamese twins, were arrested on a warrant for breach of the peace at Lynnfield, on Monday last, and bound over to their good behavior, and to keep the peace in the sum of $200. They had been stopping for a few days at Lynnfield Hotel, enjoying themselves fishing on the pond and shooting in the woods, with a young Englishman as an attendant. They were much annoyed by the eager curiosity of visitants, who disturbed their intended seclusion. Colonel Elbridge Gerry and a Mr. Prescott, of Stoneham, went toward them in a field, but were warned to keep away. Irritating words followed, and the twins, after firing a blank cartridge, struck the Colonel with the butt of a gun. Hence the arrest, trial and sentence."

—The trial of M. Page McCarty at Richmond, Va., for the killing of John B. Mordecal in a duel last May, was concluded on Saturday evening, and the case given to the jury at seven o'clock. In a few minutes the jury returned for instructions as to whether they were required to find a verdict of murder in the first degree or acquital. The Judge instructed them that they were not so required, and also instructed them as to the various degrees of murder and manslaughter. At nine the jury returned a verdict of involuntary manslaughter, and fixed the fine at five hundred dollars. The council for the defense asked for a suspension of judgment, and moved to set aside the verdict. The prisoner was bailed in one thousand dollars. Previous to the instructions by the court, the jury stood nine for acquittal and three for murder in the first degree.

A CORPSE BLEEDS AT THE MURDERER'S TOUCH.—The Columbia (S. C.) *Union* contains the following account of a murder which was committed in Orange county, on Friday, the 9th inst. Jeffrey Heisey and Russell Wilson had some difficulty that morning about a place which Heisey bought for $6,000. He had just returned home and was sitting down at his house with a woman and two children when he was shot through a crack in the window. The wound was a horrible one, shooting the whole under jaw away and throwing the tongue on the floor. The woman and children were wounded. Mr. Heisey died almost instantly.

The verdict of the coroner's jury was that he was shot by Russell Wilson, who is now in jail. The old idea, that if the murderer would place his hand on the corpse of the murdered man the blood would flow, was tested on this occasion, and we are reliably informed that the coroner required all the jury to lay their hands on the body. When Russell Wilson touched the corpse, twenty-four hours after his death, the blood flowed full and free from the wound. On the following day, while the Rev. Mr. Guigard was delivering the funeral service over the grave of the murdered man, the premises of the minister were set on fire and utterly destroyed.

AN Irishman called at a drug store to get a bottle of *Johnson's Anodyne Liniment* for the rheumatism; the druggist asked him in what part of the body it troubled him most. "Be me soul," said he, "I have it in ivery houl and corner 'er me."

FOR loss of cud, horn ail, red water in cows, loss of appetite, rot, or murrain in sheep; thick wind, broken wind, and roaring, and for all obstructions of the kidneys in horses, use *Sheridan's Cavalry Condition Powders*.

THE HOLIDAYS ARE OVER
AS WE ALL KNOW, BUT THE
PRICES
At E. J. MILLS'
CHEAP CASH STORE
Are not over, but rather more reduced.
DRY GOODS, DRESS GOODS, READY-MADE CLOTHING,
Boots, Shoes, Notions,
GROCERIEES, FLOUR, FEED, GROCERIES,
In this "Neck o' Timber."
A complete and elegant assortment of goods now in store will positively be sold at closest margin. Country produce in exchange at highest market prices taken in trade. Satisfaction guaranteed to all buyers. Call at the High st., cor. near Centre street.
Ebensburg, Jan. 16, 1874-tf. E. J. M.

VALUABLE FARM FOR SALE.
The undersigned offers at private sale the following FARM of 110 Acres, more or less, including road allowances, situated in Susquehanna township, Cambria county, Pa., about 3 miles from Ebensburg and 9 miles from Carrolltown, on the Pa. R. R. Said farm is in a good state of cultivation. There are about 70 Acres cleared and under fence, and the balance is well timbered and watered, and in a high state of improvement, with a thriving young orchard of choice fruit thereon. The improvements consist of a new LOG HOUSE, 30x40 feet, with a Log Kitchen attached, and other necessary outbuildings. For further information apply to the undersigned, residing on the premises, or address JOHN S. F. DICK.
Jan. 16, 1874. Wilmore, Cambria co., Pa.

CRAWFORD HOUSE,
EBENSBURG, PA.
John Fitzharris, - Proprietor.
HAVING leased and refitted the above well known and popular hotel, the proprietor is now amply prepared to accommodate all who may favor him with their patronage. The best that the market affords will be served at the Table at all seasons. The Bar will be constantly supplied with the choicest brands of Liquors, and the comfortable rooms will be kept in order. Attentive servants attached to the house. Every effort will be spared to render guests comfortable and well pleased in every respect. The stable is large, roomy and convenient, and those desiring a hearty feed for their horses will find it to their interest to call. The proprietor will be found always at home, ready to wait on customers.
Summerhill, Jan. 2, 1874.

JAMES F. MILLER,
Attorney at Law and Real Estate Agent,
HOLLIDAYSBURG, PA.
SPECIAL ATTENTION given to the collection of claims in Blair, Huntingdon, Bedford, Centre and Cambria counties, Pa. Persons wishing to buy or sell, or exchange real estate will find it to their advantage to call on or address the undersigned.
Correspondence solicited.

EBENSBURG
WOOLEN FACTORY.
HAVING introduced new machinery in the Woolen Factory, we are now prepared to manufacture on shares, or exchange for wool, the following goods, viz: FLANNELS of all kinds, BLANKETS, STOCKING YARN, &c., &c.
Wool taken in exchange for goods or worked on shares. Machine cards furnished.
T. M. JONES.
Ebensburg, Feb. 21, 1873.

NOTICE.—In the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county, September Term, 1873.—MARTIN KINKEAD, next friend, H. KINKEAD, vs. No. 80 September Term, 1873. Subpœna in Divorce. ROBERT KINKEAD. To the RESPONDENT above named: You are hereby required to appear at the next Court of Common Pleas, to be held at Ebensburg, in and for the county of Cambria, on the first Monday of March, A. D. 1874, being the 2d day of said month, next, to answer the complaint of the above stated petitioner.
JEREMIAH HUTCHMAN,
Sheriff's Office, Ebensburg, Jan. 16, 1874.

ADMINISTRATORS' NOTICE.
Estate of THOMAS ADAMS, late of Clearfield township, deceased.
Letters of Administration on the estate of said decedent, late of Clearfield township, Cambria county, Pa., having been granted to the undersigned, by the Register of said county, all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement.
ANN ADAMS,
JOHN WEAKLAND, Jr.,
Clearfield Twp., Jan. 9, 1874-6t.

ESTATE OF DR. W. W. JAMISON, DECEASED.—Letters of Administration on the estate of said deceased, late of Carrolltown, Cambria county, Pa., having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement.
EMMA JAMISON,
Administratrix.
Jan. 23, 1874-6t.

MILLINERY & DRESS MAKING.—The attention of the ladies of Ebensburg and vicinity is directed to the fact that MRS. R. E. JONES has just returned from the city of New York with a large and handsome assortment of new and fashionable Millinery Goods, which she will display in her rooms, in the East Ward, Ebensburg, on Monday next. Bonnets, Hats, &c., will be made to order, and repairing done. The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited.

FIRST NATIONAL SADDLE AND HARNESS SHOP.
The undersigned have opened a shop on High street, opposite the Mansion House, in the West Ward, Ebensburg, where they are prepared to manufacture to order, and keep constantly on hand, Saddles, Bridles, Harness, Collars, Whips, Trunks, Valises, Carpet Bags, and all other work in their line, which they will warrant to be done in the best manner, on the shortest notice, and at the most reasonable rates.
Ebensburg, Jan. 16, 1874-tf.

NOTICE.—The Account of Thomas Myers, Committee of the person of Henry Myers, has been filed in the Prothonotary's office of Cambria county, and will be presented to the Court of Common Pleas of said county, for confirmation, on Monday, the 2d day of March, A. D. 1874, unless exceptions be filed or sufficient cause shown to the contrary.
J. K. HUTCHINS,
Prothonotary's Office, Ebensburg, Jan. 16, 1874.

STRAY HOG.—Came to the premises of the subscriber in Carrolltown, about the first of June last, a small sized black and white Hog. The owner is requested to come forward, prove property, pay charges and take him away; otherwise he will be disposed of according to law.
P. E. DUNN.
St. Augustine, Jan. 12, 1874-3t.

NOTICE.—I hereby give notice that I have this day bought from Benjamin Berkey his Grain, including about 30 acres of Wheat growing, on the Berkey farms in Clearfield county, and will not be responsible for any debts contracted by him after this date.
P. E. DUNN.
St. Augustine, Jan. 12, 1874-3t.

WANTED—THIRTY STAVE MEN to go to Mississippi. None need apply but those who are experienced workmen in the business. Steady employment and good wages will be given.
JAS. J. McCREERY.
Loretto, Jan. 23, 1874-6t.

P. A. SCHOEMAKER. WM. M. SECHLER.
SHOEMAKER & SECHLER,
Attorneys-at-Law.
[9-13.] EBENSBURG, CAMBRIA CO., PA.

J. GALLITZIN LAKE,

THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN.

Ebensburg, Pa.,

FRIDAY, - - - JAN. 30, 1874.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

OUR PROGRAMME.—As already announced, we have entered on the eighth volume of the FREEMAN, and as we have labored during the past seven years, working at an average from twelve to fourteen hours per day, and have endeavored at all times to present a paper deserving of general support, we now feel that it is time either reap the harvest or retire from the field. We therefore propose and hereby pledge ourself to adhere strictly to the following terms: For all subscriptions paid on or before the adjournment of the March term of court we will accept $1.75, for one old and one or more new subscribers, at the rate of $1.50 for each subscription. After that date and until July 1st we shall positively charge $2.00 per year, except to new subscribers; after July 20th and until Jan. 20th, succeeding, $2.25 will be required, and for all subscriptions unpaid at the expiration of the present volume $2.50 will be demanded.—Other than that, we will insert no stray subscriber notice for persons with whom we are not personally acquainted and know to be responsible, unless $1.50 accompanies the notice. Let these terms be understood at once, and let those who feel that they cannot comply with them have the manliness to decline taking our paper or favoring us with their advertisements. Payment in advance is the only true mode of conducting a newspaper, and it is high time that our patrons were getting into the swing of it."

Here, there, and the Other Place.

Whose duty is it to keep our streets and alleys passable?

An informal census puts the population of Tyrone at 2,400.

The boys have already begun saving their pennies to buy valentines with.

The work of widening and deepening the Pennsylvania canal has been completed.

Boss. of the Huntingdon *Globe*, has been sued for libel by Dr. A. B. Brumbaugh.

The Dr. Hays' lecture is off—indefinitely postponed. "Heads, you lose; tails I win."

The measles are a source of trouble to a number of our young and rising generation at the present time.

We have postponed the publication of "Gems of Honor" until next week. Let friends send in their stamps.

If you have but one dollar in cash, it will pay you well to invest it at M. L. Oatman's. Larger amounts in proportion.

A young man named Rinkle was recently killed by a falling tree, about ten miles from Cherry Tree, Indiana county.

Don't eat dark, dry and unpalatable flour when you can buy good flour at M. L. Oatman's at a less price than you paid for that you are now consuming.

Call at M. L. Oatman's cheap cash store and see, admire, and "go for" the bargains he is offering in all kind of goods, groceries, notions, etc.

For twelve hundred substantial and good reasons—not, however, enumerated—the Johnstown *Voice* advocates the election of Secretary of State Quay for Lieutenant Governor.

The Blair county Court is in session this week, and thus far its time has chiefly been taken up in the discussion of the facts and demerits of what are technically known as local option cases.

The task of auditing the receipts and expenditures of Cambria county for the fiscal year just was completed by the board of Auditors on Wednesday. We will lay a statement before our readers next week.

The heating apparatus of our jail has been condemned by competent authority as totally unfit for the purpose for which it was intended, measures have been taken to put up new ranges forthwith.

The Excelsior Hose Company, of Altoona, raffled off a valuable horse last Saturday. John Daley is the name of the lucky man and John wants to know who has a chance to raffle off on the same terms.

While Mr. George Barrick, druggist, Ebensburg, was preparing some chemicals, he was overpowered by the gas which rose therefrom, and would have died had not assistance been promptly rendered.

The Cambria Iron Company's employees will receive three months' back pay from them today and to-morrow, and hereafter cash payments will hereafter be made regularly as prior to the financial crash.

We are sorry to learn that C. M. Hackenberg, the affable and efficient local of the Altoona *Tribune*, had been "caught napping"—that is, taken ill in Philadelphia—while on the return trip from a visit to New York.

The largest and most luscious mackerel we have ever seen in this market may be purchased at M. L. Oatman's. They are really very fine, and those who like salt fish of extra quality should call and sample them.

C. C. Stanberger, a Blair county man a few days since fell from the running machine twelve feet high to the ground, breaking his left forearm and bruising his body considerably.

The United Pa. R. R. signal or switch lamp, which every one knows to be a brilliant and suitable for lanterns, is found in fact fit for that purpose, and may be bought at M. L. Oatman's cheap cash store in Ebensburg. People who use lanterns on dark nights should take notice of this.

On Thursday night last, the bridge across the Conemaugh river at Blairsville, Indiana county, suddenly gave way and fell. It was an old wooden structure, about 400 feet long, and has for some time been considered unsafe. The accident occurred late at night, and no one was hurt.

We welcome back once more to the columns of the FREEMAN our charming and poetical contributor, the accomplished "Clarice," and while we hope the subject she employs her pen in this instance may not soon again claim her attention, we trust that time and reflection will both conduce to free-quent favors from her prolific pen.

The Altoona *Tribune* says that "a match has been arranged, to come off on Saturday, February 1st, on the ice on Henry Behe and Aleck Lee, for a purse of two hundred dollars, each to take all outside money up to five hundred dollars, and the one to win the purse." As the war is declared to say, this report lacks confirmation.

—Mr. Wm. C. Galbraith, a native of this county, but for many years a resident of Altoona, is an aspirant for the nomination for Treasurer of that city on the Democratic ticket. He is a most estimable young man, and if it could be so arranged that we might be permitted to cast the full poll of Altoona at the election, then would "Billy" receive a unanimous vote.

—A Farmers' Grange has been organized in Blair county, with Messrs. John C. Everhart and Jacob S. Nicodemus as its managers. The Hollidaysburg *Register* was asked to become the home organ of the new party, but refused, chiefly, as we are told, because it is anxiety for political preferment and not love for the farmers that lies at the root of the Grange movement. The *Register* adds that both Everhart and Nicodemus are "old political hacks and office-seekers." Tally one for Over!

—Blair county has some good marksmen, and she also has some very bad ones. Amongst the latter may be classed that Seventeenth street Altoonian of whom it is said that if you gave him a loaded gun and turned him loose in a barn which contained but a single knot-hole, and then shut all the doors and told him to bang away and shoot *something*, the sides, the floor, or the roof of the structure, he would signally fail to do as directed. The bullet would escape through that knot-hole!

—Madam Rumor is again busy with her many tongues, and this time the burthen of her story is that a grand hop—in fact, *the* hop of the season—is to come off in this place on Thursday evening, February 12th. Just where the festivities are to be held has not yet transpired, but as the young men who have the matter in hand, and who are believed in some circles to be chock full of original sin, are known to be *au fait* in such matters, there is no doubt that the ball will be a brilliant affair—when it comes off.

—Gen. Jacob M. Campbell, of Johnstown, has been suggested as a fit man for the radical nomination for Lieutenant Governor.—That party which go further in quest of a candidate and fare worse; but we give the notice that the Democracy, when the proper time shall arrive, mean to fill the office named with a man entertaining entirely different political views from those embraced by the General. This is bad for the General and his prospects, we know, but it is a state of affairs for which we can see no *radical* remedy.

—On Thursday of last week, John Cox, Esq., ceased to be County Treasurer by reason of the expiration of his term of office, Mr. A. D. Criste succeeding to the position. Squire Cox was an exceedingly efficient and very popular public servant, and his retirement will be regretted by all with whom he came in official contact. He filled the office two terms, or four years, with infinite credit to himself and to the entire satisfaction of every person else. Mr. Criste, his successor, is a well known citizen of Munster, and, we feel sure, will "fill the bill" in every particular.

—While returning home on the mail train from a business tour eastward, on Saturday afternoon last, Mr. Jacob B. Ettie, of Bellefonte, committed suicide by shooting himself through the head with a pistol. The terrible deed was consummated in the water closet of one of the cars, which the unfortunate man had entered a short distance west of Mount Union, and where he was found in a dying condition about one hour after. No cause for the rash act was known to exist, although financial troubles have been hinted at, and his friends entertain the hope that his death was the result of accident rather than premeditation.

—"Elaine" is the name of the latest oil for illuminating purposes that has been introduced in this community. It claims to be nothing more or less than carbon oil, but its peculiar merits consist in the fact that it furnishes a much more brilliant and clearer light than the ordinary petroleum, is almost inodorous and pure as crystal in color, and being perfectly free from benzine and parafine, a lamp filled with it cannot explode under any circumstances. It is pronounced by the highest authorities the very best and safest oil that has yet been produced. Geo. Hinalley sells it at forty cents per gallon, or in gallon cans at sixty cents. Try it.

—The report of the board of Fish Commissioners to the Governor for the year 1873 has been published. The total number of black bass introduced into the various streams of the State during that period appears to have been 2,048. We are chary of bestowing much applause on new-fangled notions, particularly when such are the emanation of a Legislature that had a Harry White for a head and a Sam Josephs for a tail, but in this particular case we must say that the Fish Commissioners have done well. If they continue on as they have begun, they will have all the streams satisfactorily stocked in say two hundred and fifty years from date.

—The best coal that has ever been unearthed in Cambria county, we verily believe is that which has just been put upon the market by Messrs. P. M. & J. Brown, of Summerhill, and which is now being supplied to consumers in this vicinity by Mr. Ed. Humphreys. It is equal, if not superior, in all respects to Westmoreland coal, and contains neither sulphur, iron nor slate, and therefore deposits no clinkers, cinders, or other hard substances in the stove. It will produce a sparkling fire in a few minutes after ignition, and retain fire for fully twelve hours. We know these to be facts, as we have kept fire all night by its aid without preparation, and therefore can conscientiously recommend it to all consumers of coal.

—The shooting-match for a purse of $200 and the championship of the two counties, with Henry Behe, of Cambria, and J. L. McCartney, of Blair, as the contestants, came off as per agreement at the Fountain Inn, three miles east of Summit, on Saturday last. Fifteen shots to the string, one hundred yards, off-hand, constituted the terms of the match. Mr. McCartney proved the victor, his string measuring 34 inches, while that of his competitor reached 56 inches. Another match has been arranged between William Richter, of this county, and Anthony Johnston, of Blair, the shooting to take place on Monday next at the Fountain Inn. Two separate strings of ten shots each will be fired at a rest, the first at a distance of sixty-six yards and the second one hundred yards from the target, the prizes to be $50 per string. Much good natured rivalry exists between Cambria and Blair counties on the question of the superiority of their respective marksmen, and although the latter county has got the laugh on us at present writing, the "frosty sons of thunder" seem fully determined to "pick their flints and fire again."

THE FEBRUARY number of WOOD'S HOUSEHOLD MAGAZINE is really a marvel of what can be furnished for only one dollar a year; considering the cost and the quality this is the cheapest magazine which comes to our table. Its articles have a chastness about them which is not always found in periodical literature, which adapts it to fill a place now too largely occupied by cheap publications that are positively injurious to the young, without being exactly immoral.

We have not room to specify the articles which fills the pages before us—but they are many and excellent. The magazine contains three engravings—a pretty house design—also the New York Fashions (illustrated) prepared expressly for the HOUSEHOLD by Mme. Demorest. The publisher announces that hereafter the magazine will *always* be illustrated.

Subscriptions may begin with any number. Only ONE DOLLAR A YEAR, or with Chromo Yosemite, $1.50. Address

WOOD'S HOUSEHOLD MAGAZINE,
Newburgh, N. Y.

Or send $2.60 to us and secure the FREEMAN and magazine for one year, with the chromo thrown in.

—A newspaper, after stating that a new weekly publication is shortly to be established in Huntingdon, add: "This will leave the *Globe* and *Journal* free to devote their whole time to the devising of hard epithets to apply to each other." The *Journal* begins a replication wherein it indignantly attempts to repel the charge of using hard epithets by saying that "the white-livered sneak who wrote the above has not the manliness," etc., etc.

MacShane among the "Blue Hen's Chickens."

DEAR FREEMAN—It is so long since I have given you a "screed" that I hardly know how to approach the subject. But, like Mrs. Joe Gargery, I have been again on the "rampage," and must "render an account"—more especially, too, as my last pilgrimage was extra-territorial, my wanderings having been extended to the heart and centre of "Little Delaware."

I have had all manner of travel—on foot (one), in cars, in carriages, in wagons, and even with Barrows, without a wheel! I have followed the windings of the Juniata, the Susquehanna, the Schuylkill, and the Delaware—have scooted around Delaware Bay, traversed its *bayous*, and even crossed the classic Brandywine. I wish I had time to write a novel.

Philadelphia reminds me of trouble in one essential particular—it is much easier getting into it than it is to get out again. Somebody always wants to "see you" about the time the train is to start.

But, just here, by way of digression, let me tell you a practical joke. I had it from one of the sufferers. A merchant who sometimes visits Ebensburg, (I leave you to unriddle the name as best you can,) and who is a liberal patron of refreshment houses, was recently leaving the city to call on his mountain customers. Having packed his hand-trunk with a few samples, a clean shirt, and other etceteras, he dropped into one of the saloons, and after setting his "baggage" on the counter, pathetically informed the proprietor that he was going two or three hundred miles into the country. The generous host of course could not think of letting him off "just so," and consequently our friend's capacious hand-trunk soon became the receptacle of a mysterious looking package. In like manner and with a like result he "called round" at five other saloons. The proprietor of the sixth one, my informant, remarked with tears in his eyes: "When I put mine in thar I had no idear that there were five others in ahead of mine, though I thought it heavy for samples only." If any of my Ebensburg friends partook of the exhilarating beverage, they will now know how it was procured.

But I *must* leave Philadelphia for the present—in the doing of which, no matter what the direction, if we except crossing the Delaware, a stranger is apt to think that *that* is the direction in which the city is growing most. We took what is known as the Wilmington train, but were nearly an hour getting clear of the city. We would come to an open space and imagine ourself in the country, but directly the city would release on us again with as much beauty and harmony of buildings as ever.

We crossed the Schuylkill not far from Fort Mifflin, (which I once before visited on business,) and stopped every three or four miles at some little station, until we reached Chester, Pa., a growing town now celebrated for its manufactures.

A short run from this place brought us into the State of Delaware, and in less than three hours from the time we left Philadelphia we were at Wilmington, the commercial metropolis of the State. Our section of the train here branched off for Dover, stopping on the way at Newcastle, situate on Delaware Bay, which town I *reminisenced*. Newcastle was the ancient port of Philadelphia, and here the elder MacShane landed in 1801 from H. B. M. ship Neptune. With the then waning commerce of Philadelphia, Newcastle has since lost her *prestige*.

Well, on we went. Nearly our entire journey was over a flat, sterile, barren country. Large plantations with very unpretending mansion houses and *no barns*, and with negro huts, or small tenant houses, scattered promiscuously over the land, in and out of which young negroes popped as we hurried by, are what meet the eye in all directions. In the wooded country we saw scarcely anything that looked like a tree, a stunted growth of scrubby looking oaks growing up in and around ponds or small lakes of water being the nearest approach to timber.

The wealth of this country, if wealth it is, consists of thin peach orchards, many of which are miles in circumference. So far as I could observe, they exceed the New Jersey peach orchards in extent, but not in culture.

Shortly after noon we arrived at Dover, the capital of the State, as well as of the county. It is an ancient town, but of slow growth, being regarded as *inland*, although inlets from the Delaware Bay come within a few miles. The population is only about 2,000. It has only two taverns and nine lawyers, and is altogether a sober, quiet and unpretentious town. Our hotel was on the public square, near by the State house and Court house, both very modest buildings, which stand close together. After dinner, myself and my *compagnon du voyage* took a stroll around the Court house. The first object that struck me in the back yard (of the Court house, not my own,) was what I took to be a *pump*, such as we had in Pennsylvania under the constitution of 1790. It was a large eight or ten square post, with the top sawed off, but allowed to remain in position, and a mortise in it for the handle to work in; but I found neither handle nor spout attached. On inquiry I learned that it was one of those celebrated *whipping-posts* which "Little Delaware" provides for the punishment of offenders. The *modus operandi* is to secure the head of the culprit at the top, with his face inward, his arms clamped to the sides of the post, and his back bared to receive the castigation. The *pillory*, in which the criminal is compelled to stand before punishment, is also here. It is regarded by evil-doers as more severe as well as more humiliating than the whipping-post. The prisoner, attired in prison garb, is required to ascend the platform, where his legs are placed in stocks, his head and arms secured, the latter being raised aloft, and in that position he becomes a spectacle for the scrutiny, the scorn, and the insults of the populace. It may seem strange, but it is nevertheless true, that all with whom I conversed on the subject defended these modes of punishment as right and proper. To a remark made by me that such punishments were relics of barbarism, a gentleman made the reply, "So is hanging!" I confess that I felt the reproof.

While we were thus conversing, a large bird, appearing at a distance not unlike our hawk, but with greater breadth of wing, flew over our heads. On inquiry, I was informed that it was one of those unnatural scavengers of which we read so much, buzzards or turkey-buzzards. They are very abundant here, and are supposed to contribute to the health of the place by consuming all putrid matter.

Our *chaperone*, a former Pennsylvanian, when told that I had been in Delaware only some three or four hours and had already seen three objects not to be found in my own State, informed me that he could soon show me two more—the mistletoe, the favorite of the ancient Druids, and the holly, both of which abound in the neighborhood.

We were here, only four hours' ride from Philadelphia, on the 23d January, and yet the weather was such as to permit the bringing of chairs out on the sidewalk, where we spent most of the afternoon; and, I may add, at no season have I ever enjoyed more delightful weather. A large weeping willow in the State house yard was green with opening foliage. A gentleman plucked and handed to us a small branch with the leaves thereon perfectly formed. Crocuses and other early flowers were also putting forth buds, and I saw one large shrub covered with opening buds expanding into flowers. I may say, however, that here, as elsewhere, the people regard this as the mildest winter they have experienced for many years.

In every locality the boys have their own peculiar game. Here it is *plug-penny*. Before we could get into our hotel we were importuned by the boys at the door for a penny to *plug*; and ere we parted company with them we had furnished a dozen or more nickels. The game is this: Each boy is the possessor of a *top* with a sharp steel-pointed end, around which a string is wound in the ordinary manner. The penny is laid on the pavement, and the boys, each in turn, discharge their top at it. The one who first indents, or "plugs" it, takes the penny. The "plug," or mark, must be inside the outer ring of the coin—otherwise it is called a slide shot and don't count. While we stood looking on the crowd of boys increased to nearly a score, all equipped with the inevitable top.

My friend of *lang syne*, Mr. Fulton, formerly of Kittanning, lives here, and pursues the double calling of counsellor and grape-grower, at both which he is quite successful. He was very kind, and though his domestic wine has got out of my head, it will be a long time before it gets out of my mind. The culture of the grape here is very extensive and very successful.

Dover is the home of the Saulsburys, as Wilmington is of the Bayards—the two ruling families in this little State. The elder Saulsbury, formerly U. S. Senator, is now State Chancellor, while the younger one is the present U. S. Senator.

The name of the Governor is Border—a successful shipper whose home is in Milford. He receives a small salary—I forget how much—and only visits the capital semi-occasionally. Indeed, he is not much needed there. I was credibly informed that in Delaware they don't bury their ex-Governors at the expense of the State, as is done in Pennsylvania. Hence, if ex-Gov. Geary had died in Delware, his own estate would have been compelled to pay the funeral expenses, to the lasting disgrace of the State—in some people's opinion.

They have fine horses in Delaware—not the full, plump, heavy draught horses of Pennsylvania, but a well formed, symmetrical, active breed, better adapted to the saddle and light harness than to the plow or dray. They indicate better *blood* than ours. By the way, our principal business was with a horse-fancier, from whom we desired certain information, and whom we requested to meet us at the hotel. It happened that he, like nearly all admirers of horses, had a great fondness for dogs. While we were seated in front of the hotel on that delightful afternoon, waiting his coming, he approached under the convoy of three white and yellow spotted dogs of the *setter* or bird species. As *they* could not be introduced into the parlor of the "capital" hotel, we had to walk with him into the Square, where our conference was somewhat tedious, as he divided his discourse into five nearly equal parts, between his three dogs, the Colonel and myself. The dogs, two of which he named after the recently deceased Siamese twins, Chang and Eng, he treated as if they were rational beings, individuating them perfectly, each by name, which I am sure I could not have done after fifty years' acquaintance, the resemblance between the three being so striking. Though rather *dogmatic*, we found our friend in all other respects reasonable enough.

But adieu to Dover—our visit is over—and we are on the return train to Philadelphia, with a clever, intelligent conductor, who gave us a cigar when we wanted to smoke, good fresh oysters when we wanted to eat, and a comfortable lounge when we wanted to lie down. And thus we wended our way back to Philadelphia. Fortunately the return trip was made after night, which prevented us from again viewing the *flat* country through which we had passed in the morning. I even tried to forget it, but I was troubled with *flat*ulence in my stomach next morning.

I am again in Philadelphia; yet with all my love for our great metropolis, I must confess that I never before witnessed such a spectacle of utter destitution as I saw here on Saturday night. The Colonel having left me, and there being no one to advise with me, I went to the nearest theatre, and there, to my unspeakable astonishment, upwards of one hundred young girls appeared on the stage that cool wintry night without clothing sufficient on the whole caboodle of them to furnish one decent Cambria county family. Some of it *looked* rich enough, but that was "too thin" to deceive me. I went at once to the doorkeeper and tendered him a dime towards clothing the naked, but he indignantly spurned the charity. Still I got a saloon keeper to take it the very next minute.

Yours, in a *horn*, MACSHANE.

Local Correspondence.

JOHNSTOWN, Jan. 28, 1874.

DEAR FREEMAN—Having a *humor* in my head, you need not expect anything serious from me this week.

It is now quite probable that the Senate of the U. S. will add some *Waite* to the President's judgment in appointing officers.

If the local of the Johnstown *Tribune* can be relied on, the High School *Litter*-ary Society is in a *deep-lore*-a-ble condition.

It is not true that J. F. Campbell has lost his *Voice*. The little engine, however, has had a bad *cold* spell.

There is not a more moral place than Johnstown in all Pandemonium. There has only been two rapes, two runaways and two elopements within the last three months.

The weather and the "Literary *Herald*" have had three or four very bad *spells* lately. St. Valentine's day may have had something to do with them.

The latest way of comparing *get on*, is get (h)onor and get (h)onest.

Ebensburg is an old fogy town. It has but one *Singer*, while we have nine *quires* of them.

Our Shoemakers, too, are pious people.—They are always doing something for the *sole*.

We cannot see why there should not be prayers in the common school, where the pupils are all taught to say M. N.

Johnstown can boast of sixteen churches, seventeen schools, and eighty *drinking saloons*.

The new constitution didn't put an *end* to the Philadelphia *rings;* 'cause why, rings have no end.

The *Tribune calnaly* denies the soft impeachment, that one of our judges is in his *dotage*, one *deaf*, and one *blind*.

Our little cat, Nanny, in a playful mood climbed up a tree about forty feet, and then sprang down to the ground without sustaining any *imaginary* injury, but she was killed.

The senior editor of the Johnstown *Democrat* has had the *epizootics* for over a year. He is now in a state of *transition*.

There have been a great many *conversions* here lately, and some *inversions*.

Several suspicious characters have been prowling around Johnstown the past week, among whom were a *Congressman* and a *Legislator*.

Considerable apprehension is felt here among our best and wisest citizens for the *grasshoppers* that appeared a couple of weeks ago.

Somebody ought to get out a patent right for a new school system that would please everybody.

A false alarm of fire recently brought together three thousand of our citizens in fifteen minutes. *Swearing* was then given in *free*.

A grand-daughter of John Brown, whose *soul* is *marching* on, was a tenant in the Johnstown lock-up not long since.

There is a death in our city every day now, which is *one way* of fixing the population at twenty thousand.

The rolling mill here will pay up all the hands regularly from this date, which is an answer to thousands of *prey-ers*.

There is to be a grand re-union of all the *thieves* in the world at the great centennial celebration in 1876.

I saw a school-book the other day—a trigonometry—that had *sin., sin., sin.*, and *co. sin., co. sin., co. sin.*, printed all through it. Alas! for our system of education!

Several important *changes* will take place the first of April next around town, among which will be a *change* of the *moon*.

There will be a *Nasty* lecture delivered here some time in February. Don't go. It is a sin.

The most attractive sign about town, and one that ought to draw lots of custom, is, "The cheapest *coffins* in the city."

Not *one per cent.* of our teachers, school directors and county superintendents understand per cent.

A man in California was killed by falling under a patent harrow. A Sacramento paper says "it was a *harrowing* sight."

Emil Young, one of our most popular jewelers, has lately purchased a side show case, exclusively for silver ware, which is a most attractive piece of furniture. It was made at the Cambria Iron Company's shops in Ohio. The front is composed of panes of the best French glass, and the case is air tight, or *dust* tight. Emil Young is doing a flourishing business, notwithstanding the flourishing times. He keeps at 110 and 112 Clinton street, Johnstown, where your readers can see a full assortment of all kinds of jewelry, which he sells very cheap. Call and see his silver ware show case.

The "Bridge of Sighs" is now located between Johnstown and Millville boroughs. So say happy lovers.

Our Justices of the Peace have all been *swearing* at the new constitution.

One of our most upright and worthy citizens says that it is his opinion that there will be lots of *potato-bugs* next year.

"Soltero" should call the new arrival "Beelzebub." Wouldn't Beelzebub Soltero be euphoneous?

There was a *Bear* passed through Johnstown last Saturday, from Somerset county, heading north-east. Nobody shot at it, because it is against the ordinance.

The ice crop is beginning to take root again. Some people think that ice will *go down* yet. R. R. MACGREGGOR.

WILMORE, Jan. 27, 1874.

DEAR FREEMAN—Two boys, John Lotz and Webster Hammer, the latter aged about 14 years, the former somewhat older, were, on Saturday last, committed to jail by Joseph Miller, Esq., for having on Wednesday night previous entered the stores of S. A. Kephart and Paul & Settlemyer, of this place, and stolen therefrom goods and money amounting in aggregate value, it is supposed, to between $20 and $25. It was at first thought that two other boys, Geo. Hankle and Harry Hammer, who had been arrested for entering, on Sunday week, the house of Mr. Geo. Settlemyer, sr., a short distance from town, but who after their hearing had given leg bail, were the guilty pair. Their return on Friday and the account they gave of having stolen their way on a freight train as far as East Liberty, and their having witnessed the oil fire at Houston's Station on the night of the burglary, removed suspicions from them. Lotz and Web. Hammer had also left on Wednesday and returned on Friday. Webster Hammer was seen by several boys on Friday evening picking up from a ditch three bottles of essence of strawberry, which caused himself and Lotz to be examined by Justice Miller, without anything being elicited, except that they had been to No. 3 and had worked in coal banks there, but had quit on Thursday evening. Hammer was re-examined on Saturday morning, when he said he had received $1.60 for his work at the coal bank, which he had given to his mother, who, on being questioned, said he had given her one dollar, and showed a pair of boots which had been given him, he said, by the boss of the coal bank. These boots, a pair of No. 5 cali-skin, Mr. Kephart recognized as his goods. About the same time, another pair of the same material, No. 8, which also belonged to Mr. K., were found in a culvert near the P. R. R. station. Lotz and Hammer were then arrested and acknowledged the crime. They had entered Kephart's store through a window in the rear, and according to their own statement took from the store, besides the boots, about $1 in change, a few cigars, and the essence of strawberry above mentioned. Paul & Settlemyer's store was entered through a window in the warehouse, from which they cut their way through the intervening door with a knife. From this store they took a couple pairs of gloves, several pruning and pocket knives, and from the safe, which had carelessly been left open, all the money it contained, which Mr. G. W. Settlemyer, the junior member of the firm, supposes to have been $5—the boys say about $4. In default of surety they were sent to jail on Saturday evening.

Geo. Hankle and Harry Hammer were disposed of in like manner. They were committed only for the crime already noticed in connection with their names, although they confess several other acts of a criminal character. The parents of the four boys, with the exception of Hankle's father, reside in this locality.

The disgraceful exploits of these youthful burglars is but the logical result of parental neglect. Had the parents kept their children from running the street, when and where they pleased, they might have averted this stigma from the characters of their offspring. There are at least a dozen more young hopefuls in this place who, in the fitness of things, should at present be keeping company with their late associates. A couple of liquor sellers who, according to the statement of one of the prisoners, gave drink to them for the sake of filthy lucre, should also be made feel the rigors of the law for their hellish outrage against society.

Abe M'Coy, the young man who lost his toes near Wilmore station a couple of weeks ago, is still lying at Horner's hotel in this place—the FREEMAN'S assertion that he had been removed to the Poor House notwithstanding—where he is doing as well as can be expected; considering that he is somewhat demented and very hard to be taken care of.

Hoping that I may never have such another batch of news to report from this place, I remain,

Yours, truly, SCRIBO.

PLATTVILLE, Jan. 24, 1874.

DEAR FREEMAN—The well known Alex. Henderson, of the Logmen's Society of Henderson & Reed, on Cush creek, had both of his legs broken, on Monday last, by being caught between two logs on the slide. His chances for recovery are said to be good.

Samuel Edmiston, of Susquehanna township, mourns the loss by death, on Tuesday last, of his estimable wife, aged about 26 years. This is the second time Mr. E. has been bereaved in this way.

John R. Nagle's term took fright to-day in the midst of a snow storm, and running away, badly demoralized the wagon and scattered the contents in all directions. The horses fortunately escaped without injury. SCHOOL BOY.

GALLITZIN, Jan. 27, 1874.

DEAR FREEMAN—A grand entertainment and oyster supper will be given by St. Patrick's Literary Society on Tuesday evening, Feb. 10th, for the purpose of raising funds to purchase instruments for a Brass Band. No effort will be wanting on part of the management to make this entertainment an enjoyable and pleasant affair for all who may favor the Society with their presence. Lovers of innocent amusement are hereby respectfully invited to attend. F. J. P.

HASSON'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF TAR.—This celebrated preparation, so long and favorably known in the Northern States for the cure of throat and lung diseases, can now be had at all the drug stores throughout the country. It is no private quack preparation. It is prescribed by some of the most eminent physicians in the country, and never fails in curing the worst cases of cough and colds. Price 50 cents per bottle.

RUSSELL & LANDIS, Prop'rs, Philadelphia.

P. S. See that the signature of RUSSELL & LANDIS, Prop'rs, is on each wrapper.

—AS I. T. Coppock designs removing to other quarters in the Spring, he is anxious to dispose as far as possible of his really excellent and very extensive stock of millinery and dress goods, and will therefore, notwithstanding he has never yet permitted himself to be undersold, do even better in the way of prices than has ever yet been dreamed of in the philosophy of bargain seekers. Don't forget I. T. Coppock, under the Opera House, Johnstown.

—It is currently reported and very generally believed in this community, that Myers & Lloyd not only keep the largest and best stocked dry goods and grocery store in Ebensburg, but that they sell every article it is possible to reduce the price on a little cheaper than they can be bought elsewhere. They don't make much noise about their ability to do this or that, but when it comes to selling cheap goods they are always in.

—No where beneath the sun, no matter where a man may run, can there be found in choice array so huge a stock, we're free to say, as men and boys can always find, in clothing cheap of every kind, at Star Clothing Hall, so large and neat, in Johnstown, on famed Clinton street, where treatment fair you'll always meet from Jas. J. Murphy, kind, discreet, whose goods and prices none can beat.

—Order your hardware, no matter how large or small the bill, from Dibert, Wayne & Co., Johnstown.

NEW STORE Building, 113 and 115 Clinton St., JOHNSTOWN.

GEIS, FOSTER & QUINN.

Having purchased largely for cash, and many of our goods having been bought since the Panic, we are able to offer

EXTRA BARGAINS!

AND OUR CUSTOMERS SHALL HAVE THE BENEFIT.

We will sell at prices to make the money of our patrons go as far as possible.

SPECIAL BARGAINS IN

ALPACAS

AND

Waterproofs.

COME AND SEE THE GOODS AND JUDGE FOR YOURSELVES!

Goods bought before the Panic are

MARKED Down

TO SUIT THE TIMES.

VELVETEENS

AT HALF THE USUAL PRICE.

Wholesale Department

ON SECOND FLOOR.

GOODS AT NEW YORK AND PHIL'A PRICES

—AT—

Geis, Foster & Quinn's,

Nos. 113 and 115 Clinton St., Johnstown.

113 and 115 Clinton St., JOHNSTOWN.

GEIS, FOSTER & QUINN.

Look at the Prices.

HEAVY BLACK ALPACAS,

NEWLY OPENED,

At 25, 30, 35, 40, 45 and 50 Cts

ELEGANT WATERPROOFS

IN ALL NEW COLORS!

Navy Blue, New Green, New Brown,

GOLD MIXED AND GREEN MIXED

WATERPROOFS

At the Reduced Price.

BLACK WATERPROOFS at 75 Cts.

FLANNELS!

RED AND WHITE FLANNEL,
OPERA FLANNEL,
BARRED FLANNEL,
Heavy Gray Twilled Flannel,
Yard Wide Country Flannel,
Rob Roy and Blue Flannels.

FELT SKIRTS from 75c. to $2.

BALMORAL SKIRTS VERY CHEAP.

LADIES', MISSES AND CHILDREN'S

WOOLEN HOSE!

AT LOWEST PRICES. AT

Geis, Foster & Quinn's,

Nos. 113 and 115 Clinton St., Johnstown.

[ORIGINAL.]

SHE IS NOT DEAD.

[Departed to a better life, at the Seminary of Mt. Gallitzin, Ebensburg, Pa., Mrs. JANE R. MANLY TELLO, mother of Sister M. Hortense, Superioress.]

My soul was bow'd with bitter grief—
"My Master dear," I said,
"One word of comfort speak to me,
For she I love is dead."

I heard a dear and tender voice,
And these the words it said
In sweet compassion to my heart:
"My child, she is not dead!"

O, gracious Master! these Thy words
My stay and hope have been;
May they who mourn a mother now
Thy tender pity win.

A few short days of joy were their's,
Of sweet communion here,
The mother who had given back
To God the child so dear—

The child who left, for His dear sake,
That tender mother's arms;
Too brief the reunited days
That had for them such charms.

The mother, on the mountain side,
Is taking her sweet rest—
She fell asleep in their dear arms
Whose infancy she blessed.

She sleeps—not death has closed her eyes,
But sleep—her soul has fled;
Yet He one day will say "Arise!"
Who saith "She is not dead!"

LINNET.

HYMENEAL.

MURRAY—SNYDER.—Married, in St. Mary's church, Hollidaysburg, on Thursday, Jan. 22d, by Rev. John Walsh, Capt. JOHN R. MURRAY and Miss CLARA M. SNYDER, both of that place.

The gallant Captain, who has not only borne the brunt of many a hard fought battle, but has long withstood the bewitching glances of many a love-lit eye, has at last succumbed to Cupid's unerring darts, and the result is that a worthy bachelor has been transformed into a happy benedict, and an amiable and handsome maiden has been made the loving and devoted wife of one who is eminently deserving of such felicity. This being so, none can doubt that a happy and prosperous future awaits them—for all which the sincere wishes of "ye printer man" is hereby heartily tendered.

OBITUARY.

FARREN.—Died, in Cambria township, on Saturday morning last, Mr. JOHN FARREN, Sr., aged about 88 years.

The deceased was one of the earliest settlers on the Alleghenies, and throughout his long and eventful life was justly esteemed an honest, upright and conscientious man, worthy alike of the mercies of God and the confidence and respect of his fellow men. His remains were interred in the Catholic cemetery in this place on Monday morning last, a Requiem Mass for the repose of his soul having been previously celebrated. R. I. P.

LILLY.—Died, in New York city, on Saturday, Jan. 17th, HENRY IGNOUS, only child of Henry and Lizzie R. Lilly, and second grandson of Mr. Isidore Lilly, Steward of the Cambria County Poor House, aged 1 year, 3 months and 22 days.

THOMAS—Died, in Cambria twp., on Thursday last, ELIZABETH THOMAS, daughter of Sarah Ann Rowland, in the 20th year of her age.

SHERIFF'S SALE—By virtue of a writ of *Vend. Expon.*, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county and to me directed, there will be exposed to Public Sale, at the Opera House in Johnstown, on SATURDAY, the 14TH DAY OF FEBRUARY next, at 1 o'clock, P. M., the following real estate, to wit: All the right, title and interest of JOHN B. Gearhardt, of, in and to a lot of ground situate in the Fourth Ward of Johnstown Borough, (known as Burnettstown,) fronting on Main street, and adjoining lot of Wm. Ott on the west, an alley on the south, and an alley on the east, having thereon erected a two story brick house, plank stable, and other outbuildings—now in the occupancy of Sam'l Watters. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of E. F. Schoonmaker & Co.

HERMAN BAUMER, Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, Ebensburg, Jan. 26, 1874.-3t.

VALUABLE TOWN PROPERTY FOR SALE.

THE subscriber offers at private sale the House and Lot now occupied by him, situate fronting on Julian street and adjoining lots of Jas. G. Williams. The House is a large and convenient two story frame structure, with well and cistern in close proximity and all necessary outbuildings on the premises. The Lot contains six alpple, three pear, six cherry, two quince, four peach and eight plum trees in good bearing condition, and is otherwise well improved.

Also, will be sold, the offices on High street now occupied by the "Cambria Freeman" and M. L. Oatman.

Also, 7 acres of pasture one-half mile west of Ebensburg, and 10 acres of woodland on the clay pike, one mile west of said borough.

JAS. G. HASSON.

Ebensburg, Jan. 30, 1874.-tf.

PUBLIC SALE OF VALUABLE

REAL ESTATE!

Late the property of EDWARD KING, deceased, of Clearfield County, Pa.

BY virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of Cambria county, to me directed, there will be exposed to Public Sale on the premises, on

Monday, 23d day of February, 1874,

AT 10 O'CLOCK, A. M.,

A CERTAIN PIECE OR TRACT OF LAND situate in Susquehanna township, Cambria county, Pa., near the Susquehanna river; bounded on the north by lands of Abraham Bardlebaugh, on the east by lands of Abraham Dale, on the south by lands of James Somerville and others, and on the west by lands of Porter Kinpert's—containing 96 A. 80 PERCHES, more or less, unimproved. The land is well timbered and watered with coal.

TERMS OF SALE—Ten per cent. of the purchase money to be paid on day of sale; one-third of the balance on confirmation of sale, and the

OCEAN HERMITS.

The following is a sketch by a gentleman on board the British surveying ship Challenger, relating to her voyage from Bahia to the Cape of Good Hope:

"On our passage across it was intended to call at Tristan d'Acunha, but as we approached that group of islands the wind persisted in keeping so much to the southward that when we arrived in sight we found ourselves fifty miles to the northward.—Luckily, it then fell calm, and every one was much rejoiced when, after obtaining a deep sounding, the captain decided to steam toward the island.

"On the morning of the 14th of October we found ourselves close to the settlement, and held communication with the small band, contented to exist on that desolate rock. An excellent description of them and their island home is given in the Voyages of the Galatea, which ship communicated with the island in 1864. The population at present numbers eighty-four, and consists of about twenty families, living in fifteen houses. Several girls are in service at the Cape, but are reported as wishing to return. There is now only one adult unmarried girl on the island. Most of the young men mentioned in the Galatea's account as having left the island to try their fortunes elsewhere have returned, having learnt the lesson that there is little to be obtained elsewhere without hard work. The property of the islanders consists of about 600 head of fine cattle and about the same number of sheep, who feed on the low ground at the foot of the nearly precipitous hills 1,200 feet high. There are also large potato gardens and a plentiful supply of poultry and pigs. The island is totally dependent on passing ships for a market; very few having called lately the last season's crop of potatoes is still undisposed of and will ultimately have to be given to the pigs. As fresh provisions are always welcome, it is a wonder that more vessels don't take the opportunity of obtaining a supply. Perhaps if the tariff was fixed at a lower rate, a greater number would call. The islanders—although reported by the clergyman who lived with them for five years as being totally without sin—are not above making a good bargain when possible and the ship is in a hurry to push on.

"We learnt that two Germans had been living at the well named Inaccessible island, thirty miles further south, who had voluntarily exiled themselves with the hope of obtaining seal skins, but as their provisions were well known to have been long expended, and as, from their smoke signals having been discontinued for the last two months, they were supposed to have perished, the captain declined to go and look after them; so during the night the ship was steamed quietly across the channel. At daylight the following morning the land was closed: but as nothing could be seen but the poor fellows' grass hut, there were many speculations and anxiety on board as to their fate. The captain, commander and paymaster landed, and as they neared the shore our minds were much relieved to see the two would-be Robinson Crusoes running at their utmost speed toward the boat. Soon afterwards they arrived on board, in time for breakfast, when they enjoyed a hearty feast. The rejoicings of the poor fellows at their release from captivity may well be imagined. They had been landed on the island nearly two years before, and during the first year had several opportunities to escape by crossing to Tristan d'Acunha, but each time hoping to obtain seal, they resolved to remain. For the last ten months they had seen no one, and had been totally without external resources, and wholly dependent on the few vegetables they had been able to raise, the wild pigs on the top of the island—the ascent to which was so steep as to be a question of life or death on each attempt—and the penguin eggs, which birds frequented the islands in great number during the breeding season. The poor fellows were taken on board and afterwards landed at the cape."

A NEWARK (N. J.) husband brought home a hunk of molasses candy for his wife the other evening. His wife wears false teeth. The candy was of an adhesive nature. She helped herself to a generous hunk, and planted both rows of teeth in it. There they remained. Strenuous were her efforts to release them, but she was not successful. She wanted her mouth free that she might say something to him. She wanted to say something to him that the candy not only prevented, but the tone of which, from its prominent quality, it debauched. But she could not get her jaws apart. Then she went to the sink and dropped the whole mass, teeth and candy, in a basin. Again she looked at him as if she were on the point of saying something he would be interested in, but every effort was broken up and destroyed by the orphaned jaws. Imagine a woman—a direct descendent of Eve—in such a fix. Think of the mighty thoughts surging and battling through her brain; think of the torrent of eloquence bursting from her throat with a roar and striking out into the air a vapor; think of the blazing eyes, the distended nostrils, the trembling frame, the nervous hands. Picture her thus, tearing the miserable candy from the glistening teeth, and comprehend if you can, O, man! the velocity with which the freed teeth were slapped into their place, and with which that wretched man subdued his merriment and tore out of that house.—*Danbury News.*

NEVER loan a quarter when you have only ten cents in your pocket.

1873. FALL and WINTER! 1874.

THE LATEST SENSATION!

GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES
AT THE NEW
EAGLE CLOTHING STORE
OF M. H. NATHANSON & CO.,
(Lately occupied by H. WALTERS, deceased,)
231 and 233 MAIN STREET, JOHNSTOWN, PA.

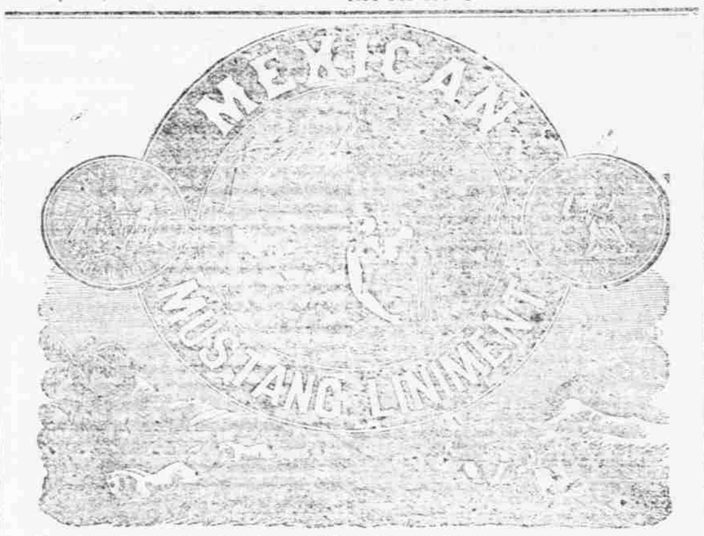
THE undersigned would respectfully inform the citizens of Ebensburg and Northern Cambria generally, that they have just opened at the above named place a large, complete and elegant stock of FALL AND WINTER

CLOTHING AND GENT'S FURNISHING GOODS,

Consisting of such articles as BLACK AND BLUE CLOTH SUITS, CASSIMERE SUITS for men and boys, fine ENGLISH KERSEY OVERCOATS, in blue, brown, olive and lighter colors, and a general assortment of COATS, PANTS and VESTS of all textures, styles and prices, besides a full line of HATS, CAPS, TRUNKS, VALISES, UMBRELLAS, &c.—all which will positively be be sold at 15 per cent. less than prevailing prices in Johnstown. We also make to order from the finest and most stylish goods any article of clothing desired, and that too at short notice and on the most reasonable terms. WE MANUFACTURE ALL OUR OWN GOODS, which enables us to sell cheaper than any other house in Cambria county. Please give us a call when you visit our town and judge from our stock and prices whether it will not pay you to deal with us. OVERCOATS and CUSTOM-MADE WORK our leading specialities, and "QUICK SALES AND SMALL PROFITS" the basis upon which we do business. COME AND SEE!

DON'T FORGET THE PLACE--231 and 233 MAIN STREET, JOHNSTOWN.

Sept. 19, 1873.-6m. M. H. NATHANSON & CO.



Has been before the American public OVER THIRTY years. It has never yet failed to give perfect satisfaction, and has justly been styled the panacea for all external Wounds, Cuts, Burns, Swellings, Sprains, Bruises, &c., &c., for Man and Beast. No family should be a single day without this Liniment. The money refunded unless the Liniment is as represented. Be sure and get the genuine MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT. Sold by all Druggists and Country Stores, at 25c., 50c. and $1.00 per Bottle. Notice

CRUMBS
Are a modern stove polish, far better than any other in existence.
COMFORT
Yield a brilliant shivery sheen with less than half the labor required when other polishes are used.

CRUMBS
Are a neat and cleanly article, making no dirt nor dust when used.
COMFORT
furniture or carpets.
Has no disagreeable sulphurous or strong acid smell when prepared for use, but are pleasant and harmless.

CRUMBS
Are put up in a tasty form of sticks; 1 stick is sufficient for any stove—convenient for use—than any other polish.
COMFORT
Are the cheapest polish in the market, because one box at 10 cents will cover as much surface as 25 cents' worth of the old polishes.

CRUMBS
Have just taken the 1st premium at the Indianapolis Exposition in competition with several of the best of the old stove polishes.
COMFORT

BUY CRUMBS OR COMFORT of your storekeeper, if he has them; or will procure them for you; if not, send us one dollar, your name, and the name of your nearest express station, and we will send you ten boxes, and samples of Bartlett's Blacking and Pearl Blueing, free of cost. CRUMBS OR COMFORT can be had of all Wholesale Grocers and Dealers in the United States, and Retail Dealers will find them the most profitable, from the fact that they are the fastest selling article of the kind in the market.

H. A. BARTLETT & CO.,
115 North Front St., Philadelphia.
143 CHAMBERS ST., NEW YORK.
43 CHAMBERS ST., BOSTON. [11-14.-3mcom.]

HAGAN'S

Magnolia Balm
A FEW APPLICATIONS MAKE A
Pure Blooming Complexion.

It is Purely Vegetable, and its operation is soon and felt at once. It does away with the Sallow Appearance caused by Heat, Fatigue, and Excitement. Heals and removes all Cutaneous Diseases, Spots, Pimples, Freckles, and Sunburn, and by its use no one can be long deceived as to the presence of the fascinating Magnolia Balm with

YOUTHFUL BLOOM AND BEAUTY.

Sold by all Druggists and Fancy Stores. Depot, 69 Park Place, New York.

A CARD.
EBENSBURG WOOLEN FACTORY

AS interested parties have been reporting in the northern part of this county that our rates for manufacturing Woolen Goods, &c., are much higher than they really are we deem it necessary for our own protection and for the information of the public to publish the following

LIST OF PRICES.

Blankets.....$3.50 per pair.
Flannels.....30 and 35 cts. per yard.
Cassimeres.....50 cts. per yard.
Satinetts.....50 cts. per yard.
Carding and Spinning.....20 cts. per lb.
Carding.....7 " "

T. M. JONES & SONS.
July 18, 1873-tf. Ebensburg Woolen Factory.

G. C. K. ZAHM,
—DEALER IN—
DRY GOODS,
NOTIONS, GROCERIES,
HARDWARE, QUEENSWARE,
HATS, CAPS, BOOTS, SHOES,
AND ALL OTHER ARTICLES GENERALLY KEPT IN A COUNTRY STORE.

WOOL AND COUNTRY PRODUCE
TAKEN IN EXCHANGE FOR GOODS.

Store on South Side of Main Street,
Ebensburg, Pa.

EBENSBURG
BOOK, DRUG and VARIETY STORE.

HAVING recently enlarged our stock we are now prepared to sell at a great reduction from former prices. Our stock consists of Drugs, Medicines, Perfumery, Fancy Soaps, Leon's, Hall's and Allen's Hair Restoratives, Pills, Ointments, Plasters, Liniments, Pain Killers, Citrate Magnesia, Ess. Jamaica Ginger, Pure Flavoring Extracts, Essences, Lemon Syrup, Lemon Syrup, Spiced Syrup, Rhubarb, Pure Spices, &c.

Cigars and Tobaccos,

Blank Books, Deeds, Notes and Bonds; Cap, Post, Commercial and all kinds of Note Paper; Envelopes, Pens, Pencils, Arnold's Writing Fluid, Black and Red Ink, Pocket and Pass Books, Magazines, Newspapers, Novels, Histories, Bibles, Religious, Prayer and Toy Books, Penknives, Pipes, &c.

I have also added to our stock a lot of FINE JEWELRY, to which we would invite the attention of the Ladies.

PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS at lower prices than ever offered in this place.

Paper and Cigars sold either wholesale or retail.
LEWTON & McGREAVY.
July 30, 1868. Main Street, Ebensburg.

LOOK WELL TO YOUR UNDERSTANDINGS.

JOHN D. THOMAS,
Boot and Shoe Maker

THE undersigned respectfully informs his numerous customers and the public generally that he is prepared to manufacture BOOTS and SHOES of any desired size or quality, from the finest French calf-skin boots to the coarsest brogans, in the VERY BEST MANNER, on the shortest notice, and at as moderate prices as like work can be obtained anywhere.

Those who have worn Boots and Shoes made at my establishment need no assurance as to the superior quality of my work. Others can easily be convinced of the fact if they will only give me a trial. Try and be convinced.

Repairing of Boots and Shoes attended to promptly and in a workmanlike manner.

Thankful for past favors, I feel confident that my work and prices will commend me to a continuance and increase of the same.

JOHN D. THOMAS.

CARRIAGE MANUFACTORY!
SAMPLE STREET,
Near Union School House, Ebensburg.

THE subscriber desires to call the attention of the citizens of Cambria and adjoining counties to the fact that he has now in successful operation in Ebensburg a Shop for the manufacture and repair of

CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, SULKIES,
Spring Wagons, Sleighs,
And all other description of Work in that line.

Employing none but skillful workmen and using only the best materials, I feel confident I can give entire satisfaction in work, styles and prices.

Platform work done at short notice. Repairing of all kind attended to at reasonable rates.

A Blacksmith Shop in connection with Manufactory. Call and see specimens of work.
June 22, 1872-tf. D. M. CHUTE.

M. J. BUCK, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon,
CARROLLTOWN, PA.
Office in rear of John Buck's store. Night calls may be made at the residence of JOHN BUCK, Esq. [April 4, 1873.-tf.]

JAMES J. OATMAN, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon,
EBENSBURG, PA.
Office on High street, nearly opposite Blair's Hotel. Residence on Copeland st., West Ward, where night calls should be made. [4-1. tf.]

1786. THE 1874.
Pittsburgh Gazette,
DAILY AND WEEKLY.
Oldest, Largest, Cheapest and BEST.
Leading Reliable Republican Journal.
THE PAPER FOR THE
FARMER,
MECHANIC,
MERCHANT,
MANUFACTURER,
BANKER,
PROFESSIONAL MAN, and
THE FIRESIDE.

The general character of the PITTSBURGH GAZETTE is too well established to need recapitulation. The reader has known it as one of the great newspapers of the country, ever Republican in opinion, independent in character, and yielding to none in its efforts to obtain the news and to present the same to its readers in the most attractive shape.

An intelligent public has looked favorably upon our efforts in maintaining the high character of the GAZETTE, and to-day, in respect to circulation, material prosperity and influence, it stands in the front rank of the Republican press.

All that the distinguished features of the Pittsburgh GAZETTE have been in the past are a sufficient guarantee for its conduct in the future.

It will continue, as it ever has done, to advocate the cause of the people, without reference to the interest of individuals.

Our great care will be to make it a better paper than ever. Our means for obtaining all important news are as complete as those of any other journal in the country, and we shall not spare energy or expense to employ them.

In political matters, crop and market reports and in the whole field of general and local intelligence, the GAZETTE will be found fully alive to the demands of each day in the year.

The PITTSBURGH DAILY GAZETTE will provide its readers with the latest and most reliable telegraphic news, timely editorials on all important subjects, and intelligent comments on passing events, whether religious or secular, political or civil.

During the sessions of Congress and the Legislature special correspondents at Washington and Harrisburg will group in attractive form the salient features of their proceedings.

The highest aim of journalism is now the speedy and correct transmission of news in all its important details. The GAZETTE accepts this as the only limit of its enterprise.

It tells of the commerce and finance of the world; the grain, produce, live stock and money markets at home and abroad, and the manufacturing and mining interests of the entire country.

The Pittsburgh WEEKLY GAZETTE is emphatically a paper for the people—and essentially a family newspaper, containing, as it does, a complete summary of the latest and of all the most important news from all parts of the world; a number of editorials on current topics; a carefully selected and interesting miscellany; valuable matter for the farmer, merchant, mechanic, and housewife; the latest and most reliable Live Stock and Crop reports; a Financial and Commercial column—long known as most complete, and more reliable than that of any other paper published in the west; which, with the essential attention always given to the progress and the rapid development of the resources of the country cannot but make the PITTSBURGH WEEKLY GAZETTE a most welcome visitor to every fireside. It will at all times prove indispensible alike to the farm, household, workshop and store, and is undoubtedly the very best paper for the farmer, for the mechanic, and for all who live in localities which are served only by weekly mails.

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DAILY GAZETTE.
One year.....$6.00
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Clubs of Five, each copy.....1.25
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And one to getter up of names.
Specimen copies furnished on application to the Proprietors. Address,
KING, REED & CO.,
Gazette Building,
Cor. Sixth Avenue and Smithfield Street,
PITTSBURGH, PA.

18 DAILY AND WEEKLY. 74
THE
Pittsburgh Post!

The publishers of THE POST take pleasure in again calling the attention of their numerous patrons and the public to the annual prospectus of

THE WEEKLY POST,

an eight-page, fifty-six column family journal, and without doubt the largest, cheapest and best weekly political and literary paper in the State.

The stirring events contingent upon the immediate future are of such vast importance that every citizen will be anxious to secure a concise and true record of current events.

THE CUBAN COMPLICATIONS,

which for weeks have so intensely agitated the public mind will grow in importance with the assembling of Congress and the progress of the session. We shall make it a point to furnish the readers of THE POST with a clear, concise and reliable history of events as they transpire, with the latest news up to the hour of going to press.

THE DEMOCRATIC REVOLUTION OF 1873

places a new phase on American politics, and THE POST will continue to be, as it has always been, the fearless, independent, consistent and straightforward advocate of

Pure and Unadulterated Democracy,

upon the final triumph of whose principles the prosperity of the country and the perpetuity of Democratic-Republican institutions depend. It will continue to be the

Advocate of the People's Rights

against all foes whatsoever, in favor of an honest and economical government, and will demand that the unjust favors between Monopolies, and the discrimination against Labor and in favor of Capital, shall be revoked and restored to the people, from whom they were wrenched by corrupt Radical legislation.

THE PITTSBURGH WEEKLY POST

is in every sense a *newspaper*, for the diffusion of useful knowledge and information, containing all the latest Foreign, Domestic and Local News up to the latest hour of going to press. Its various departments will be carefully edited with a view to please and instruct the reader.

Literature and Art

will receive special care and attention, and will embrace nothing but the best and purest selections fitted for the household and fireside, while its

NEWS AND MISCELLANY

will contain the latest matters of importance from all parts of the world by mail and telegraph. Particular attention will be paid to

Agriculture and Industries,

as well as every branch of general and household economy, the sciences, etc. A leading feature will be

The Live Stock Markets,

which are carefully reported for THE POST, and one of the agricultural features to the farmers of Western Pennsylvania, Ohio and West Virginia, as well as all the Grain and General Markets in all the trade centres of America and Europe, by telegraph.

TERMS: Always in Advance.

DAILY POST, one year.....$8.00
WEEKLY POST, 8 pages, 56 columns.....2.00
" " in clubs of five and over...1.50

All orders must be accompanied with the cash, which should be sent by P. O. order, draft or by express. Specimen copies sent free on application. Address the publishers,
JAS. P. BARR & CO.,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

COLLINS, JOHNSTON & CO.,
BANKERS,
Ebensburg, Pa.

WILL receive money on deposit, discount and collect notes, and attend to all the business usually done by Bankers.
Sept. 20-tf. JAS. B. ZAHM, Cashier.

WM. M. LLOYD & CO,
BANKERS, ALTOONA, PA.
Drafts on the principal cities and Silver and Gold for sale. Collections made. Monies received on deposit, payable on demand without interest, or on time with interest at fair rates.

LLOYD & CO., BANKERS,
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Gold, Silver, Government Loans, and other Securities, bought and sold. Interest allowed on Time Deposits. Collections made at all accessible points in the United States, and a general banking business transacted.

ESTABLISHED TWENTY-FIVE YEARS.

FRANK W. HAY
Manufacturer,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,
—OF—
TIN, COPPER,
—AND—
Sheet-Iron WARES,
AND DEALER IN
HEATING PARLOR and COOKING
STOVES,
Sheet Metals,
—AND—
HOUSE-FURNISHING GOODS GENERALLY.

Jobbing in
TIN, COPPER & SHEET-IRON
PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO

Nos. 278, 280 and 282 Washington St.,
JOHNSTOWN, PA.

Wood, Morrell & Co.,
WASHINGTON STREET,
Near Pa. R. R. Depot, Johnstown, Pa.,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC DRY GOODS,
MILLINERY GOODS,
HARDWARE,
QUEENSWARE,
BOOTS AND SHOES,
HATS AND CAPS,
IRON AND NAILS
CARPETS AND OIL CLOTHS,
READY-MADE CLOTHING,
GLASS WARE, YELLOW WARE,
WOODEN AND WILLOW WARE,
PROVISIONS and FEED, ALL KINDS,
Together with all manner of Western Produce such as FLOUR, BACON, FISH, SALT CARBON OIL, &c., &c.
☞ Wholesale and retail orders solicited and promptly filled on the shortest notice and most reasonable terms
WOOD, MORRELL & CO.

JOHNSTOWN FURNITURE EMPORIUM.
WM. P. PATTON,
Manufacturer and Dealer in
—ALL KINDS OF—
CABINET FURNITURE
JOHNSTOWN, PA.

Bureaus,	Cane Chairs,
Bedsteads,	Wood Seat Chairs,
Washstands,	Kitchen Furniture,
Sideboards,	Bed Lounges,
Chamber Sets,	Mattresses,
Parlor Sets,	Tete-a-Tetes,
Wardrobes,	Extension Tables,
Book Cases,	Dining Tables,
Lounges,	Cupboards,

&c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c.
EVERY DESCRIPTION OF
SCHOOL AND HALL FURNITURE
made to order in excellent style and at low prices. Cabinet and hairmakers' materials of all kinds for sale. Furniture delivered at any point in Johnstown or at Railroad Station free of extra charge.
WM. P. PATTON.
Johnstown, Oct. 13, 1870.-tf.

Andrew Moses,
DRAPER & TAILOR,
CLINTON STREET,
JOHNSTOWN, PA.

Parke's Marble Works,
139 Franklin Street, Johnstown.
MONUMENTS, HEAD and TOMB STONES, COPING and CABINET SLABS, MANTELS, &c., manufactured of the very best Italian and American Marbles. Entire satisfaction guaranteed in price, design and execution of work.
☞ Orders respectfully solicited and promptly filled at the very lowest cash rates. Try us.
Oct. 24.-m.* JOHN PARKE.

LOGAN'S MARBLE WORKS!
131 Franklin Street, Johnstown.
JOHN W. LOGAN, - Proprietor.
MONUMENTS, HEAD AND TOMB STONES, COPING AND CABINET SLABS, AND Italian and American Marbles. Perfect satisfaction in work, design and price guaranteed.
Orders respectfully solicited and promptly executed. [Johnstown, Nov. 11, '71.-tf.]

T. W. DICK, ATTORNEY AT-LAW, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in front room of T. J. Lloyd's new building, Centre street. All manner of legal business attended to satisfactorily, and collections a specialty. [10-14.tf.]

DANIEL McLAUGHLIN, *Attorney-at-Law*, Johnstown, Pa. Office in the old Exchange building, (up-stairs) corner of Clinton and Locust streets. Will attend to all business connected with his profession.

GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES
—TO—
CASH BUYERS
—AT THE—
Ebensburg House-Furnishing STORE.

THE undersigned respectfully informs the citizens of Ebensburg and the public generally that he has made a GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES TO CASH BUYERS on all goods in his line, consisting of

MOWING and REAPING MACHINES
AND OTHER FARMING IMPLEMENTS;
COOKING, PARLOR AND HEATING STOVES
of the most popular designs and of all styles, prices and qualities;
TINWARE OF EVERY DESCRIPTION!
of my own manufacture;
HARDWARE, ALL KIND!
such as Locks, Screws, Butt Hinges, Shutter Hinges, Table Hinges, Bolts, Iron and Nails, Window Glass, Putty, Table Knives and Forks, Carving Knives and Forks, Pocket Knives, Tablespoons, Spoons, Shovels, Scythes, Apple Parers, Scissors, Razors and Strops, Hammers, Axes, Hatchets, Boring Machines, Augurs, Chissels, Planes, Compasses, Squares, Files, Rasps, Anvils, Vises, Wrenches, Rip, Panel and Cross-Cut Saws, Chains of all kinds, Shovels, Spades, Scythes and Snaths, Rakes, Forks, Sleigh-Bells, Shoe Lasts, Pegs, Wax, Awls, Awlhandles, Clothes Wringers and Wringers, Patent Churns and Patent Machines generally, Grind-Stones, Patent Molasses Gates and Measures, Lumber Sticks, Cast Steel Rifles, Shot Guns, Revolvers, Pistols, Cartridges, Powder, Caps, Lead, Horse Shoes and Nails, Old Stove Plates, Grates and Fire Bricks, Well and Cistern Pumps, &c., &c.
Harness and Saddlery Ware
of all kind, in great variety;
WOOD and WILLOW WARE
beyond description;
CARBON OIL and OIL LAMPS,
Fish Oil, Lard Oil, Linseed Oil, Lubricating Oil, Rosin, Tar, Paints, Varnishes, Turpentine, Alcohol, &c.; Silver-Plated Ware, Glassware, &c
Family Groceries,
such as Teas, Coffee, Sugars, Syrups Molasses, Spices, Dried Peaches, Dried Apples, Hominy, Fish, Crackers, Rice, Pearl Barley, &c.
Tobacco and Cigars.
Paint, Varnish, Whitewash, Horse, Shoe, Stove, Dusting, Clothes and Tooth Brushes, all kinds and sizes; Bed-Cords, Manilla Ropes, and many other articles, at the lowest rates for cash.
HOUSE SPOUTING
made, painted and put up as cheap as possible, work done 25% lower. Liberal discount made to country dealers buying Tinware by wholesale.
GEORGE HUNTLEY.
Ebensburg, July 25, 1873-tf.

Stoves! Stoves!
AT GREATLY
Reduced Prices!
THE UNDERSIGNED WILL SELL
STOVES
FROM THIS DATE AT
REDUCED RATES FOR CASH
AS FOLLOWS:

No. 9	*Ironsides,*	$40.00
" 8	"	36.00
" 7	"	32.00
" 9	*Improved National,*	35.00
" 8	"	30.00
" 9	*Speer's Anti-Dust,*	44.00
" 8	"	40.00
" 7	"	36.00
" 9	*Duquesne*	25.00
" 8	"	30.00

ALSO, A LARGE LOT OF
PARLOR AND HEATING STOVES,
WHICH WILL BE DISPOSED OF
AT COST FOR CASH!
GEO. HUNTLEY.
Ebensburg, Nov. 21, 1873-tf.

NEXT DOOR TO POST-OFFICE
Cooking Stoves,
Heating Stoves.
TIN, COPPER & SHEET-IRON WARE

Having recently taken possession of the newly fitted up and commodious building on High street, two doors west of the bank and nearly opposite the Mountain House, the subscriber is better prepared than ever to manufacture all articles in the TIN, COPPER and SHEET-IRON WARE line, all of which will be furnished to buyers at the very lowest living prices.

The subscriber also proposes to keep a full and varied assortment of

Cooking, Parlor and Heating Stoves
of the most approved designs.

☞ SPOUTING and ROOFING made to order and warranted perfect in manufacture and material. REPAIRING promptly attended to.

All work done by me will be done right and on fair terms, and all STOVES and WARE sold by me can be depended upon as to quality and cannot be undersold in price. A continuance and increase of patronage is respectfully solicited, and no effort will be wanting to render entire satisfaction to all.

CALLIE LUTRINGER.
Ebensburg, Oct. 18, 1870.-tf.

OLENA!
The best Oil in the world for machinery.
It will not chill.
It will not gum.
It is equal to the best Lard Oil.
If you have any kind of Machinery, ask for OLENA; and if you cannot buy it at home, send for a circular and price list to
PAINE, ABLETT & TRIPP,
OIL MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS
No. 360 Penn Avenue,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Murray & Dunn,
PROPRIETORS OF
PHŒNIX FOUNDRY AND STOVE WORKS,
HOLLIDAYSBURG, PA.
HAVING purchased the establishment lately known as Enterprise Foundry, we are now prepared to manufacture
LIGHT CASTINGS
of every description.
The Various Styles of Stoves
manufactured at our establishment are in all respects equal to any in the market.
Steam Engines and all kind of Machiner,
promptly and satisfactorily repaired.
☞ All our work is warranted to be exactly what it is represented. [Aug. 30.-tf.]

G. W. YEAGER & CO.,
Wholesale and Retail Manufacturers of
TIN, COPPER AND SHEET-IRON WARE,
AND DEALERS IN
Heating, Parlor and Cooking Stoves,
No. 1402 Eleventh Avenue,
Altoona, Pa.
ROOFING and SPOUTING made to order and warranted perfect in manufacture and material.
Orders respectfully solicited and promptly attended to, and polite attention accorded to all, whether they purchase or not.
Altoona, Sept. 5, 1873.-tf.

JAMES NULL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
Ebensburg. Office in Colonnade Row
Collections promptly attended to. [12-12.-73.-tf.]

TAKING IN THE CLOTHES.

AN AGONIZING DOMESTIC EXPERIENCE.
—HOW A MAN SEES HIS WIFE.

What a frightful scrambling there is when you have not got them in Monday night and pulled your hair off, to be told that the week's washing is out on the line and must be taken in. Now to do this of a dewy eve in the Summer, with the delightful perfume of flowers filling the air, and a brass band on the next street to help you, is a hardship; but to do it in the dead of Winter, with a chilling breeze blowing and the clothes as stiff as a clothespin is something too mean for the human race without quaking. We are quite understand how it is that the man who invariably gets his buttons sewed on dreads summons comes, for the reason that it is plain enough. There is a certain rebellious feeling in the human breast which prompts him to try to get even with his wife in an argument, and finally when he snatches up the basket and goes out in the yard with it he is charging it against the sides of the house and fence as much vigor as if it were a personal matter and accidental. If the food wife is not very attentive, she can hear him swearing in a low voice consigning various objects to eternal suffering, long after he has disappeared. There is a reason for this. A pair of frozen clothes. Everybody knows that. The frigid as the Cardiff giant, and the man who wrenches the pin from the line and then holds the basket in the crook of his arm, with a look of seeing the place of destination, is not to receive its own record, is too near a fool to live for this world. But it is not for the reason that nature. He endeavors to fold the garment with his left hand, and then seeks to pull it off the line with his right. It won't come. Then he looks for it, and then downward and sideways; and when it comes out of the pin it retains the shape it has had in the afternoon working into, while it is on the line, just as readily to enter the basket as to be shoved through the crack of a valise. The first article he takes up with his hands, and then he tries to fold it to the semblance in picking the basket, but after that he ends by throwing it into the basket without any regard to order and crowds them down with his knee. He uses the same knee to help him in picking up a fine cambric handkerchief, and then he does in capturing a shirt and two handkerchiefs out of a tree. When he gets for from the line he usually allows the articles to tumble out of his arms, so to save stooping over he gets his arms full of the whole mass, and miserable things, shoved into corners jab him in the ribs, and when he comes to an article that will not give way on one end he pulls and shakes desperately at the other, screaming in his rage and finally gently steps on the dragging end of the sheet, and then he scrapes over on the frozen snow, but bounds back again, grating his teeth, and after depositing the bundle in the basket darts back to the refractory article and taking hold of it, fiercely shakes it, while he fairly jumps up and down in the extremity of his anger. Then it comes unexpectedly, and it a part of the next article goes over again—this time with a jerk and with violence. With the things gathered, he takes the basket in his livid hands, thus bringing the articles against his shins, and, thus tortured, pinches his limbs into the house, and is ready to tell him to close the door and is thoughtful enough to add if it's cold work. But if he is a wise man he will make no remark to himself in front of the door, knowing his frozen features into an amiable frown will preserve the silence without the faintest trouble until bedtime.—*Danbury News.*

WHY JOHN AND BETSY WERE "OFF."—It so happened that John and Betsy were on the meadow on their wedding day. Betsy was dressed in all the height of the rainbow, her tall form enlarged by the fashion of the day, and a large leghorn hat covered with ribbons, made her, in John's eyes, the pink of the meadow. John twirled her parasol, admiring her skirts, and then commenced poking his umbrella into the ground. He had red up a yellow jacket on, and neither having noticed it before managed to hive from the bottom of her skirts. She had noticed his jacket and liked her new dress when he gave a spring, and then he gave a spring, and then he jumped higher than his head, and then another, and another, displaying his horsemanship, rode in the most skillful manner, jumping fences at a single bound, and at last she disappeared in the thickest of a wood. John, in the meantime discovered, by a few words, that she was the matter with Betsy, and then was the last of John and Betsy's courting. Many of the neighbors say, but some evil disposed persons will say, winking one eye, that it was all John's tricks." But good natured E. did all he could to keep up the spirited spirit of Betsy and John, and will forgive and forget that unfortunate meeting in the meadow, and I think they still live and are blessedness.

A LOVE-SMITTEN gentleman was conversing awhile with a young lady on the subject of matrimony, and finally asked her last with the emphasis suggested by the occasion, "Now you have me?" "I am very sorry to disappoint you," replied the young lady, "and hope my refusal will not cause you pain; but I must assure you that I have no other." "Well, well, that will do," said the philosophical lover; "I can't help it if you *change the subject.*"

AN exchange says: "Keep out for the early resumption of specie payment." Both our cyes are out looking for it, and so are many others.